GLENFELL;

OR,

MACDONALDS AND CAMPBELLS.

AN EDINBURGH TALE

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

" A plague on both your houses."

Shakespeare.

London:

PRINTED FOR SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS AND CO.

Bride Court, Bridge Street;

SOLD BY W. SAMS, OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S PALACE,

AND TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Price 6s. half bound and lettered, or 5s. 3d. in quires

1820

BENJAMIN BENSLEY,
Nelson Square.

PREFACE.

IN the following tale our Readers are called upon to believe, that it has been our object to touch the various pathetic incidents developed in the progress of the work, with all the affecting sentiments so beautifully characteristic of the tender passion in the present enlightened age, and to avoid, by a skilful selection of the most elegant occurrences, in the vicissitudes of that high state of society which we have undertaken to describe, every thing that is not of the most refined and exquisite

quality. For we hold in great contempt all those who have, of late years, given but too much encouragement to a class of authors that presume to think novels and romances may be made the vehicles of agreeable historical information, combined with descriptions of character, which show so little invention, that they are, by the most competent judges, considered almost as portraits of particular living persons.

And to mark, indeed, how decidedly we differ in opinion from them, we have only alluded, and that in the most distant and delicate manner, to the social festivals which, during the winter,

are so illustrative of the general state of society in Edinburgh; taking care to enter into none of those details which might lead the reader to imagine that we regarded them as peculiarly marking the manners and expedients of any class or individuals. In short we have been governed by a liberal philosophy in our little comedy of northern errors, and neither general nor particular satire entered into the scope of our plan. Ambitious of offering to the world a work pregnant with instruction, we have, throughout preserved a becoming gravity. It would ill have suited that gentle moralizing vein which we feel to be the predominant quality of our ge-

nius, to have chosen any other style than the calm and dignified, which we have throughout endeavoured to support, and we trust not without success.

Covenanters' Close, High Street, Edinburgh,
December 31, 1819.

GLENFELL;

OR,

MACDONALDS AND CAMPBELLS



CHAP. I.

"What mighty troubles rise from little things."

ONE morning, Jooker, an English youth who held the sinecure of valet to the young Laird of Glenfell, left his master's lodgings in St. James's-square, Edinburgh, with a note addressed to Miss Mary Campbell, to whom he was also entrusted with a remarkable Number of a well-known publication, that does honour to the talent and genius of the "intellectual city." In passing the Register Office he happened to meet with one Jem Crup-

per, groom to an English gentleman, who had the preceding evening arrived in "the Athens of the North," from a tour to Loch Catherine, which the "mighty minstrel" has consecrated to the lovers of romantic adventure, by one of the most beautiful of all his poetical effusions.

Jem was a plain, honest, downwright, simple lad; but Jooker was a clever ingenious rascal, who, if he enjoyed himself, cared little about who paid the reckoning. They had been formerly fellow-servants together, and of course their meeting in so outlandish a city as Edinburgh was equally hearty and cordial on both sides; so much so, indeed, that Jooker resolved in his own mind, upon the instant, that no considerations of duty ought to deprive him of the pleasure of his old friend's company for at least a couple of hours. Unfortunately, however, he had, under many strict and strong injunctions, been ordered by his master to carry the book

and note to Miss Mary Campbell as quickly as possible ; and Jem was also obliged to go directly to the post-office to inquire for letters.

The post-office was at that time situated at the south-end of the North Bridge, on the west side, opposite to a shop where excellent hats are sold upon very reasonable terms; and certainly Jooker might have accompanied his friend without any material dereliction of duty, and afterwards executed his commission. But as the Squire had, in the event of no letters, given his servant leave to look at the lions of the place without returning, it occurred to the trusty Jooker, that as there was some chance of Jem being set free for the day, it would be very hard if he could not share his company.

In the mean time Saunders M'Ghee, one of those all-knowing and discreet personages, who, in the capacity of porters, but under the denomination of caddies, ply their vocation in the streets of

Edinburgh, eyes the book and note in the hands of Jooker with many a desiring side-long glance. He had partly overheard what was passing between the two friends, and being actuated by a benevolent wish to relieve their perplexity, he approached them with modest diffidence, and said in a civil and insinuating manner---"Maybe I may ken the house whar y're 'gaun."

This was a lucky hit, for upon the suggestion of Jem, M'Ghee was allowed to inspect the address on the note,—which obliges us to communicate a piece of information of the greatest importance to our readers.

In the city of Edinburgh there are many personages of the same name, who are respectively distinguished by their titles; that is, by the names of their fathers' farms, public-houses, or professions; and Glenfell's cousin, the young lady for whom the book and letter were intended, was Miss Mary Campbell of Ardmore. The omission of her title in

the address was a matter in itself of no consequence, as Jooker knew the house where she resided with her widowed mother; but to M'Ghee, who was no less as circumstantially acquainted with the residence of every Miss Mary Campbell, not only in George's-street, but in both the old and new town, it was of the greatest importance. However, he was too anxious to obtain the job to run the risk of losing it by confessing his ignorance: accordingly on being fee'd with a sixpence, he undertook to deliver the book and letter, and Jooker and his friend departed, reekless of all the woes that were destined to spring from this encounter.

CHAP. II.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Lady Glenfoik and her neice, Miss Mary Campbell Darknish, were deliberating in her Ladyship's parlour in Queen-street, Edinburgh, respecting the day when the young lady might inform her lover Macdonald, that all her marriage preparations would be finished; and her Ladyship was of opinion that the twentieth of the next month should be fixed for the wedding-day.

"I fear," said the innocent Mary, "I shall not be ready so soon."

There was perhaps a little unconscious faslehood mingled with this fear, for she thought in heart every thing might be ready at least a whole week sooner, and she almost sighed when she reflected on the dangers of delay.

"Be under no uneasiness," replied her aunt, "Miss Peggy Shapings the mantua-maker will have your dresses in good time."

At this moment a servant entered with a note and a Number of the Review, which he delivered to Miss Mary and retired.

The fair and gentle Mary laid the book on the table, and read the note somewhat thoughtfully.

"What does he say," enquired the old lady, with a sly look and a solemn significant smile.

"He is obliged to wait on a gentleman just from abroad," answered her ingenuous niece.

"Indeed!" cried her Ladyship earnestly—"what more has he said? why do you look at that letter so?"

"Because," said Mary, "it is not written by Mr. Macdonald himself, which I am surprised at."

"Let me look at it," articulated her Ladyship in a tone of dignified compo-

sure—putting on, at the same time, her spectacles.

Lady Glenfoik was the widow of a general officer—her years exceeded three-score, and her deportment showed that she expected more deference than was due even to her years. She was an ample erect personage—her head shook a little, but with so much decorum that the shaking seemed to be more the effect of moralizing than of infirmity; she dressed in the fashion of the departed generation—to demonstrate that she had been bred to better times, and by this peculiar taste she was enabled to wear out her old garments. She was kind in her disposition, stately in her manners, jealous of her rank, and resentful of neglect—her failings leant towards honour, but her virtues were weakest on the side of hereditary dignity, she commanded esteem, often affection, while at the same time she was constantly laughed at.

The artless and gentle Mary handed

to her the note, which her Ladyship read aloud with particular emphasis:

"Mr. Macdonald presents his compliments to Miss Campbell, and begs her pardon for not keeping his appointment this morning, being obliged to wait on a friend who has just arrived in town.

"He sends her at the same time the new Number of the Review, which he hopes will afford her some amusement.—It will not be published till to-morrow."

Lady Glenfoik read the note a second time; and at the conclusion took off her spectacles; wiped them with the corner of her shawl; laid the note on the table, and then folding up her spectacles put them into their case.

"Is that," said her Ladyship, "a fit style for a lover to use to the lady of his affections, when breaking an appointment at which the day of their marriage was to have been fixed? I do not wonder, my dear, that you are greatly shocked."

"I am not shocked," answered Mary with unguarded simplicity, "but I am surprised at the construction which you put on the note; Mr. Macdonald has been hurried."

"A very likely thing indeed!" cried her Ladyship, with solemnity: "No, no, there is something at the bottom of this letter."

"I doubt," answered her neice, "that your Ladyship is yielding to some unjust suspicion."

Lady Glenfoik had lifted her snuff-box, and giving three emphatic raps on the lid, said in a tone of conscious superiority, which she was well justified in her own opinion to assume,—"Do not call my judgment in question, but summon up proper spirit in this alarming crisis of our affairs."

"I see no cause for alarm," answered the sweet and unaffected girl, surprised at the warmth and temper of her aunt's manner — "something has happened which prevents Mr. Macdonald from

keeping his appointment; but he will come."

"I doubt that," cried her Ladyship in a manner that indicated a consciousness of great foresight. "But the respectability of our family is above the possibility of being slighted, and therefore we must not take this mortification to heart; '*but, setting a stout heart to stey brae*," as the old proverb says, act with circumspection and decision. You will therefore go to your room, and get yourself in order to go out with me. I will shew to this Macdonald that he is not to treat me or mine as he pleases."

Mary looked alarmed, as her Ladyship was gradually rising in the tone and emphasis of her declamation, and said, "but what does your Ladyship intend to do?"

"Do! pay twenty visits, if not more; the world shall not dare to think that we cared two straws for the insignificant fellow. I therefore insist that you instantly put on your bonnet and pelisse and come with me.—As you

respect the honour and dignity of your blood, Mary, I insist on your obedience in this critical juncture. Trust to my knowledge of the world to rescue you from this impending misfortune."

Mary had been too long habituated to yield implicit submission to the will of the old lady, ever to dispute the propriety of any of her commands. On the present occasion, however, she ventured to question the justness of the opinion which her aunt had so hastily adopted. But she was soon silenced by an order so peremptory, that it at once intimidated her into obedience, and obliged her to leave the room.

CHAP. III.

—"To expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time."

When Jooker was sent with the note and book, Glenfell, his master, was sitting with Macdonald---Bencloo, as for variety, we must occasionally call him. This Bencloo was a young writer to the signet, distinguished for the solidity of his judgment, the justness of his observations, and a manly common-sense estimate of the world. His family intended him for the Bar, for which he undoubtedly possessed many qualities calculated to ensure distinction; but he had the sagacity to perceive in time, that although it was the genteeler department, success in it was more precarious, while the sedate drudgery of the writers' vocation was a sure and quiet road to wealth and independence.

The only doubt that was ever entertained of Macdonald's judgment and talents arose from his intimacy with Glenfell, whom he professed on all occasions to admire as a young man of the most ingenuous disposition; endowed with a generosity rarely found. connected with equal powers of conception, and a genius so quick and lively, that he could not but excel in whatever he undertook, if he would only give the requisite attention.

This opinion of Glenfell was not in unison with what the world entertained of his character; nor indeed was it at all supported by the conduct of the young chief himself. He was, on the contrary, what may be strictly called a wild and restless young man. It was allowed that his endowments were of a high order, and that at times he expressed himself with admirable eloquence, and extraordinary powers of conception. His taste, in what respected the works of others, was eminently acute and in-

genious; but his own effusions, for he was a poet as well as an advocate, were strangely singular---and seemed to be rather experiments with language, than the natural promptings of poetical inspiration.

But the greatest defect of his mind, was the systematic ardour with which he prosecuted every undertaking; and he was constantly giving his attention to objects which persons of inferior capacity would have justly rejected as ridiculous. Among other whims he had resolved to become an accomplished orator, and though possessed of great natural eloquence he was for ever and on all occasions, without any respect to time, place, or person, incessantly practising in the most absurd and vexatious manner, by which he had rendered himself one of the most insufferable coxcombs in the whole city. He was, in fact, become so disagreeable to all his friends, that Macdonald had determined to remonstrate with him on the subject:

and for this purpose, on the morning alluded to, he had called to breakfast with him, more immediately, however, in consequence of an article of flippant criticism, which Glenfell had written in the identical number of the Review, already so often mentioned, and which had excited some severe and just animadversions on the author, at a ball on the preceding evening.

Macdonald had been introduced at the ball, by Glenfell, to his cousin Miss Mary Campbell Ardmore, and had promised to call on her in the morning with the Review, but was prevented by the arrival of a friend from Glasgow. He was therefore under the necessity of sending an apology with the book; and it was with this commission that Jooker was entrusted.

The reader has been informed how that faithful domestic was induced to employ a deputy; and with that spirit of discernment which is possessed by every cautious reader, he has doubtless dis-

covered that the caddy, owing to the want of the lady's title, carried the book and note to the niece of Lady Glenfoik.

It was even so; for infallible as the caddies of Edinburgh are in the delivery of messages, M'Ghee on this occasion went to the house of her Ladyship in Queen-street, instead of the flat in George's-street, occupied by Mrs. Campbell Ardmore.

While this unfortunate mistake was working to great and serious effects, Macdonald admonished his friend of the complaints which were rising against him.

"I conjure you, Glenfell," said he, "to renounce this ridiculous behaviour. It may be true, that an actor never can acquire self-possession until he feels himself superior to his auditors; but this notion of yours to consider every body like the cabbages which you used to harangue in your father's garden, betrays you into some of the most unworthy absurdities.

Glenfell defended his system with

much apparent earnestness, but in reality only by way of exercising his faculties.

"I assure you Macdonald, that I am daily sensible of the advantages which I derive by making every incident conducive to my improvement. In fact to address oneself to every stranger either with statement, argument, or interrógation, is the only way—"

"Of making yourself disagreeable," said Macdonald, "and I beg that you will not, at present, treat me as one of your cabbages."

"I do not intend it," said Glenfell, "but if you will hear me to an end you shall have auricular demonstration of the benefit which I reap by my perseverance." This was said with sincerity, but in a moment after his voice changed, and he was again on stilts.

"My efforts," continued he, with the full round tone of a public speaker, "my efforts I am free to allow are still

rude, and as such may be unpleasant; but when practice shall have given facility, and when facility shall have earned grace, admiration will be produced where at present a patient hearing is with difficulty obtained. There is nothing more ridiculous than a man learning to dance."—

"For man substitute boy," said Macdonald drily, "and allow me to observe that even the boy does not pester every one he meets, by requesting them to hold his hands that he may cut capers. In one word, your cabbage system is madness with a little method in it. But the most extravagant part of your behaviour under this madness is in keeping that idle fellow Jooker."

"Why," exclaimed Glenfell, "you very much surprise me. Am I not anxious to be able to sift and examine witnesses with dexterity? I assure you whenever Jooker neglects to do anything, which I confess is a little too often of late,—he puts me to my mettle

before I can extract the truth out of him — more particularly since he has begun to suspect that I only put him to the question for the sake of practice. You have no idea of the labour requisite to the attainment of excellence. Be assured, my friend, that unless a man arms himself against the quips and scorns of the times; resolves to breast the saucy waves of public opinion, and like Leander in the Hellespont, keep his eye fixed on the light in the hand of the object of his devotion—"

"He will become a respectable character," said Macdonald, with the most provoking sobriety to this rhapsody. Glenfell turned on his heel and laughed at his own folly.

After some farther conversation more to the point, Glenfell promised to renounce his cabbage system. It was a promise however that he could not so easily perform, for he received himself so much amusement in his different attempts to puzzle and confound, that he

took a malicious pleasure in playing with the temper and ingenuity of all the unfortunate persons whom he subjected to his experiments. But Macdonald was satisfied for the present, and they walked arm in arm to the parliament-house together.

CHAP. IV.

"These are portents."

In the meantime, while the amiable and confiding Mary had retired to put on her pelisse and bonnet, the Number of the Review, with its Prussian-blue cover and yellow backing, as it lay on the table, attracted the eyes of Lady Glenfoik; she lifted it, and turning over the leaves, held it the utmost stretch of her arms from her eyes. First she turned to one side, and then to another, as if the light did not fall properly on the book; and when at last she had made out the name of an Author, whose work graces the top of the page, she hastily replaced her spectacles on that instrument of the face which was made on purpose to sustain spectacles, and glanced at the article.

If the Note had occasioned her to suspect a change in the affections of

Macdonald Arskeen, the accepted lover of her neice, she could entertain no doubt of the fact after looking at the criticism, nor of his motives for sending the Review, for it consisted of a most bitter and sarcastic strain of invective against a publication of one of her friends, of whose merits she entertained a very high opinion, and, respecting him as a valuable member of society, naturally enough concluded that he must be an accomplished author.

What confirmed her in this opinion, was a circumstance that certainly could not have been the result of accident, but of a preconcerted design with the critics on purpose to vex and insult her, being no other than a still more acrimonious and still less justifiable attack on the poetical merits of one of her own relations. And, on looking a little farther into the Number, she found another article, worse than both the others, in which the very vitals of her political and hereditary principles were torn to

pieces with the most radical vengeance, and trampled under the hoofs and heels of malignant criticism, like pearls beneath the tread of swine. It was therefore as clear to her Ladyship as the sun at noon-day, that this Number of the Review was written with *malice propense* against her and her family, and that Macdonald had sent it that morning as a tacit and refined mode of breaking off his visits to her house for ever: for Macdonald was intimate with several of the writers in the Review, and must, in the opinion of her Ladyship, as a matter of course, approve of all their particular sentiments.

These striking and indubitable facts she pointed out to Mary on her return into the room; and could with difficulty maintain her dignity against the democratic influence of Nature, in other words, keep her temper, when that unassuming maid observed to her, that the obnoxious articles were not more particularly severe than the general character of the stric-

tures in the publication. The consideration, however, of the stake at issue in the slight which she believed her neice had received, and the insidious insult levelled against herself, namely, the dignity of her family, induced her to make an effort to suppress her feelings, and to proceed on her round of visits without delay; and, therefore, smoothing her brow, she took the arm of Mary and sallied forth.

The first house to which they directed their steps was the habitation of her neighbour and relative, Mrs. Campbell Ardmore, the aunt of Glenfell; a widow lady of great economy, and little revenue, who, with her daughter, Mary, the same indeed for whom the Note and fatal Review were intended, contrived to revolve and hover in the limbo of vanity which surrounds the fashionable orbs and circles of Edinburgh, without being actually members of the system, and yet so regular in their course as to be somewhat more connected with

it than those occasional comets from beyond Aurora and the Ganges, blazing for seasons, and perplexing dowagers with fear of change.

It happened that as the visitors were approaching towards the door, Mrs. Campbell and her daughter were conversing on the occurrences of the Ball the preceding evening, and that Miss Campbell had informed her mother of her partner, Mr. Macdonald's promise to call with the new Number of the Review.

Mrs. Campbell had heard that the Mr. Macdonald who was paying his addresses to Mary Campbell Darknish was an associate with some of the most notorious of the Reviewers, and she very simply concluded that the gentleman who danced with her daughter, could, in consequence of promising to bring the publication in his hand before it was distributed to the public, be no other than the same person.

Miss Mary Campbell Ardmore was,

in many points of character, as well as points of beauty, very different from her namesake of Darknish. She was so tall and thin, that her cousin Glenfell used to call her an obelisk; for she had indeed something of an Egyptian air; she held her arms straight to her sides, like those figures which are so much admired by a particular class of antiquaries as curious specimens of ancient art; and when anybody said she was nevertheless a genteel looking young woman, for she had outlived the epithet of girl, he declared that she was nothing but a *pyramidal concretion of triangles*.

These were very ill-natured observations of the young Laird, and it was by such indiscretions that he was very cordially hated by unmarried ladies of a certain age. But it is time to hear what Mrs. Campbell and her daughter were saying:—

Miss Mary remarked, that Mr. Macdonald had said that he would call

before One o'clock, and that it was already almost Two.

"Surely," said her mother inquisitively, "surely, Mary, my dear, he must have been very attentive. Has he made an impression?"

"I cannot say that," replied the young lady cautiously, "but so early in the season it is desirable to secure such an accomplished beau."

"Ah, lassie, lassie," said Mrs. Campbell in a compassionate voice, "there's no hope with Mr. Macdonald for you; he's at the point of being married upon your cousin Mary Darknish, now staying with auld Lady Glenfoik. What a wonder of fine things they say she's getting, or to get!"

The meagre Miss Mary's countenance was tinctured with a shade of the rueful at these words, but she endured the remark with all due composure.

At this moment, Lady Glenfoik and her niece were announced and shewn into the room. Mrs. Campbell advan-

cing towards her ladyship, said, in her wheedling way, "O, my Lady Glenfoik, how well pleased I am to see your ladyship look so well! Ease yourself, my Lady, for our stairs are a day's journey to ailing folk like your Ladyship."

The two dowagers seated themselves near the fire, while the two Marys took places for themselves on a distant sopha to talk apart, unheard.

Miss Mary Ardmore assured her meek and blooming visitant that she was longing to see her ever since yesterday afternoon, when she had returned from the Highlands. "But I understand," added she significantly, "that you have very good reasons for being but little abroad; I wish you every happiness: I could almost feel in my heart to envy you, Mr. Macdonald is really so handsome a man, so affable, and so sensible,—"

"I did not know you were acquainted with him," said the artless Mary Campbell Darknish.

"I have certainly not known him long,

but last night," answered the pyramidal concretion of triangles, "he danced with me, and I have never met with a more charming partner."

This intelligence, though founded in error, came like the touch of cold to the heart of the beautiful Mary, and she grew pale with a fear never felt before; which her cousin observing, with more satisfaction than was becoming a christian temper, continued to relate many circumstances of attention highly creditable to the politeness and gallantry of Mr. Macdonald Bencloo, both as a gentleman, and as a lady's partner at a ball.

Meanwhile, the dowagers were enjoying themselves with various topics as little to the advantage of some of their neighbours as the discourse at the morning meetings of any two dowagers can well be, till, among other things, after rallying her ladyship on the approaching marriage of her niece, Mrs. Campbell mentioned how much her

daughter had been pleased with the manners and behaviour of Mr. Macdonald, with whom she had danced, conceiving that it was no other than the same who was engaged to her ladyship's neice.

This information coming so immediately in connexion with the mysterious note, and the machiavelism of the Review, so affected Lady Glenfoik, that she exclaimed in a tone which could not be mistaken,

"You very much surprise me, Mrs. Campbell." "I hope," answered that worthy lady, "there is nothing wrong." But all the reply which Lady Glenfoik made was an oracular echo. "I hope so too, Mrs. Campbell."

"Goodness me!" was the answer, "surely the man will not draw back his word!"

"There is no saying what some men will do," observed her ladyship philosophically; rising at the same moment, she said to her neice it was time to go,

and immediately retired with less urbanity of countenance than she commonly affected.

Mrs. Campbell followed them to the head of the stairs, and continued speaking to her ladyship as she descended.

CHAP. V.

"And love is as the tuneful poets sing,
An easy lesson to the gentle heart."

WHEN Mrs. Campbell returned to the room where she had left her daughter ruminating, she shut the door in a more particular manner than usual behind her, and said in a sort of exclamatory whisper, "O, Mary, my dear,* what will I no tell you. Lady Glenfoik's frightned out of her seven senses! What would ye think if ye have stollen Mr. Macdonald's heart from Mary Darknish? for when I told her how Mr. Macdonald and you danced thegither, she grew as white as my apron."

But we should mention here that it is usual among the clans to omit the surnames, and to add the name of the paternal property, or profession, to the christian name of the members spoken of; accordingly, Mrs. Campbell calls the neice of Lady Glenfoik Mary Darknish, meaning Mary Campbell of

Darknish, she herself being of the clan Campbell.

Miss Mary was not so much surprised as her mother expected, but with great self-possession informed her in return for this agreeable piece of conjectural intelligence, in what manner Mary Darknish sighed and looked when she spoke of her supposed acquaintance with Macdonald Ardskeen.

Here it becomes necessary to apprise the reader that in our Northern Comedy of Errors there are two Macdonalds as well as two Miss Campbells, and that Macdonald of Ardskeen was the lover of the gentle-hearted neice of Lady Glenfoik, and not Macdonald Bencloo, the friend of Glenfell, who had danced with Mary Ardmore at the assembly, and by whom the book and note, that occasioned so much uneasiness, were sent. Having explained this point, we shall for the future, in general, distinguish the gentlemen by their respective titles, and instead of fatiguing the memory with

Macdonald this, and Macdonald that, call them, with true Highland propriety, Ardskeen and Bencloo; which, by the way, are very pretty novel-like names, and well befitting our romantic story.

Mrs. Campbell paused with a look of great solemnity when her daughter had described, somewhat a little too strongly, how much Mary Darknish had been affected, and then said, "As sure as death, Mary, ye maun hae captured Mr. Macdonald; patience in the end ay meets with it reward."

During this short colloquy the mother and daughter were standing with their faces towards the windows, and too much interested to hear the door open, so that Glenfell, who had entered in the meanwhile, had time to step softly up behind them and say, "Plotting," before they were aware of his being in the room.

"The Gude be here!" cried Mrs. Campbell, "what for, Glenfell, do you come in upon a body like a deevil in this unreverent manner?"

"I like," said the young laird, "to see the unpremeditated effects of passion. It enables me to judge of actors and pictures."

"Ah, if you had been here," replied his aunt, "you would have seen something worth the seeing, Lady Glenfoik has been calling with her poor unfortunate neice, and I never saw such a picture in all the days of my life."

"The deuce take the old cat," exclaimed Glenfell pettishly, "she is always so serious and solemn about the merest trifles, that I would as soon read a folio of old divinity as endure her conversation. But what has befallen her?"

"She is afraid," answered Mrs. Campbell, looking calmly towards her daughter, —"she is afraid that my Mary will be an interloper between Ardskeen and Mary Darknish. But Mary, my dear, have not you the new French flounce to sew to your green sarsnet gown for Mrs Bagan's Conversaseony? I wish you would na forget, lassie."

" Do make haste cousin and leave the room; (said Glenfell) don't you perceive that your mamma has got something to say, which it is not proper for young ladies to hear---child."

There was scarcely a more offensive way, in which the meaning of this short sentence could be given, to the feelings of a lady arrived to so many years of discretion as Miss Campbell Ardmore, and she therefore quitted the room abruptly.

Glenfell, however, only intended to be a little playful towards his aunt, whose brimful look of importance offered an irresistable temptation to renew his cabbage system. He put on a solemn consequential face, and placing his right hand in his bosom, and his left in his breeches pocket, assumed an attitude of senatorial dignity, and waited with an affectation of infinite gravity for the solemn farce that he saw the old lady was preparing.

" Now, Glenfell," said Mrs. Campbell,

"none of your airs with me, but sit down, and in a discreet, sober manner, let me have some discourse with you anent the situation of my Mary---she's your own flesh and blood, and you should take an interest in her, poor thing; you're come to that time of life when you might help her, but unless its the Lord's will neither her nor me can hope for any help of man. Now, Glenfell, do you think there is really any thing serious going on between your friend Mr. M'Donald and Mary Darknish.

Glenfell was almost thrown off his guard by this question, but, putting on a grave counselling face, he replied, "I do not think that there is any thing serious going on between *my* friend Mr. Macdonald and Mary Darknish."

"In that case," said Mrs. Campbell, "the marriage will not take place whether or no; so that my Mary has full liberty to set her cap for him, as well as for any other body."

"I am sure," replied the Counsellor,

that I know of nothing to the contrary; but, perhaps, the experiment might be tried with as much success on some other object."

"Is he not a fine young man?" said Mrs. Campbell, inquiringly.

"I know not his superior," replied Glenfell, with emphatic solemnity.

"And he has good prospects," rejoined the anxious matron.

"Highly so," was the grave answer.

"Weel that's all I had to say to you," replied Mrs. Campbell.

Glenfell looked at her with astonishment. His aunt, he knew, was a good-natured, weak woman, but it never entered his head that she would attempt to cabbage him in his own way; nor did he believe it within the range of possibility, that she could be in earnest. He was therefore utterly confounded, and the feeling which he experienced in connexion with the admonition he had received from Bencloo in the morning, was one of extreme mortification. It seemed to him that the absurdity of his

conduct must be palpable indeed, when so weak and illiterate a personage as his aunt would undertake to play upon him in his own way, and that too with the most consummate success. Under the influence of this feeling he wished her good morning, and returned home agitated with anxieties, which, though in their nature ludicrous, were far from being enviable. In a word, he was completely overwhelmed with a sense of folly almost as painful as a sense of shame; and while he deplored with unfeigned contrition the time he had lost in a vain endeavour which had made him only ridiculous, he longed for some serious occupation, that might make him in earnest with life. He was frequently on the point of giving up his friend Macdonald, because he had never given him a fee, or rather, what is more correct, because he had never employed him in any of his numerous causes---for the fee was the last thing that Glenfell would have valued. It was surprising indeed, that Bencloo,

with all the partiality which he evinced for him, and with all that opinion which he expressed for his talents to others, had never once himself thought of employing Glenfell. In this, perhaps, the reader may see a proof of Macdonald's professional prudence; at the same time it must not be concealed, that when Glenfell had once or twice hinted his surprise at this, Macdonald always appeased his vanity by saying, that he really had not yet obtained any case sufficiently worthy of his friend's talents---such as he would like to see him engaged in, and to which he could do effectual justice; adding, however, that the causes he had before the courts were common things, such as it would be ruinous alike to the advocate and the agent to lose, but which would be assuredly lost by Glenfell, merely because they were of that ordinary and obvious character, which required no attention to understand, nor any care to explain.

CHAP. VI.

What honours or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?

Macdonald Ardskeen, during all these serious concerns and anticipations, had been wholly occupied with the thoughts of his marriage; and in order that there might be no unnecessary delay in preparing the deeds of settlement, he called at his lawyer's in his way to Lady Glenfoik's to give the requisite orders.

It happened that Mr. M'Queery, writer to the signet, was at the time engaged with the man of business of a certain nobleman, on a very knotty point of difference relative to an heirloom which had descended to his Lordship as heir of entail. The article in question was, as we have been cre-

ditably informed, adorned with a blue selvege and a red border. The man of business contended, that the blue selvege was formed in the warp, whereas the red border was composed of a thing added, and might be removed or taken away without any material damage or detriment to the substantiality of the thing. In short, the said article was no other than a blanket, in which the martyred King Charles had once obtained a comfortable night's repose in one of his journies to Scotland; and on which account it had ever after been held sacred in the family to whom it belonged, and all possible care was taken by testamentary documents to preserve it as an honourable badge and memorial.

Mr. M'Queery however argued, that no part of the blanket could be abstracted without detriment, for any party occupying the said blanket in a cold night, might be so incommoded by the removal of so essential a part as the

red border, especially if that person was a tall or long person, and above the common stature of mankind; and it was not impossible to say, but that some of the noble Lord's posterity might be so, however much he himself had declined from the greatness of his ancestors: the case did not apply to women, that particular sex being commonly shorter than men, and moreover in this instance heirs female were excluded by the deed of entail---then, and in that case, inconvenience might be felt and suffered, either by reason of the blanket not being sufficient to cover the feet of the occupant, or by not being sufficiently long to come over the head, should the occupant be of such complexion or inclination, so to wish for the full and entire enjoyment of his inheritance in a cold wintry night. As for the blue selvege, as it was a necessary and inherent innate portion of the original texture, it was quite clear that every attempt to remove it would be,

in fact, an incision upon the vital stuff of the article itself.

The other party explained, stating, he did not entirely agree with his learned friend on this subject. He thought that if the blue selvege were actually cut away, a hem would effectually stop any farther damage; and that the circumstance of the selvege being inherent, did not render it a vital part of the texture more than the red border, for if the red border was formed in the waft, it was as evidently a vital part as the blue selvege formed in the warp.

Mr. M'Queery however contended, that as the blanket was much longer than it was broad, the blue selvege, which was woven in the width was of more consequence than the red border, which was only strictly speaking attached to the length---the length of a web, and all blankets are woven in webs, being an arbitrary thing, dependent altogether on the accident of a

greater or a smaller quantity of the requisite material.

To this the lawyer, on the other side, replied, that he had his doubts on that point, and that he threw it out merely however by way of suggestion, whether red being a more costly colour than blue, as would be substantiated by some of the soundest and most reputable persons engaged in the art of dyeing at Glasgow; the value of the red border did not in consequence render the difference of measure between it and the blue selvege wholly nugatory. At the same time he could not but remark, that his learned friend had omitted to consider that the term border might refer to something which went entirely round the blanket, whereas selvege was acknowledged to be but the outer edge of the cloth; and he would further take the liberty of remarking, that only one selvege was spoken of, whereas every piece of cloth must have two selveges, and therefore it was the more probable that the red

border went entirely round the blanket, because it seemed to be admitted that the blanket had but one selvege, being doubtless worked in a piece or web of double the width.

Mr. M'Queery contended, that however ingenious the supposition might be, he certainly stretched probability farther than any man could allow, for so far was it from being true that the blanket could h ve only one selvege, it was morally impossible to imagine how it could have been made without two, besides it was well known that blankets are articles of such breadth, that they were oftener worked in two pieces than in one, and therefore it is absurd to reason but from facts: the supposition of of a loom so wide as to work two blankets at once, is contrary to all philosophy, and taxing the credulity of mankind to a point of faith, of which it is impossible to see the consequences.

The agent of the noble Lord was surprised that his friend should take up

the question so warmly---the matter between them being nothing more than an old blanket, bequeathed under certain limitations of entail; and as there were several blankets in the castle at the time of the late Earl's death, the point at issue did not so much refer to the question of selvege and border, but as to which blanket ought to be assigned to his Lordship by the executors. In stating this, and to convince his worthy friend, for whose information he entertained the greatest respect, he was not precipitate in suggesting that the blanket had perhaps been worked in a double piece, he would only refer to the common Scottish vernacular phrase, "a pair of blankets," which it was well known actually did denote but one piece of blanketting; and further he would observe, the word pair was chiefly employed to express things coequal and conjoined. But as there was some difference of opinion between them, he would suggest that they should

severally take the opinion of counsel, for certainly there was something in the case not well defined in law, and a decision upon the point would be highly interesting

Mr. M'Queery agreed that it was necessary to take the opinion of counsel; but, at the same time, he was thoroughly convinced that the rights of the question could never be determined without the solemn adjudication of the Court of Session---and he doubted if even that decision would be satisfactory, unless indeed it were confirmed upon an appeal to the House of Peers.

Macdonald had been sitting in patient hope, that their conference (for this interesting and truly business conversation took place in Mr. M'Queery's consulting-room) would be soon over, being laughingly informed by a young gentleman in the office, that they had nothing to speak about but an old blanket. This youth was however green in the world, and knew not what it is for the

agents of rich clients to settle business involving points of legal difficulty. Macdonald, therefore, was not only frustrated in his wish to see Mr. M'Queery, but detained so long that mischievous Fate had placed his happiness in great jeopardy before he left the house.

CHAP. VII.

" Ring the alarm-bell."

CHAGRINED with the unprofitable exercise of his patience, Macdonald left the house of Mr. M'Queery, a little querulous with the existing state of things; but as he ascended from Prince's-street, towards St. Andrew's square, his thoughts began again to brighten with the image of his lovely, unaffected Mary; and by the time he had reached the church in George's-street, he was in perfect good humour with all mankind---when suddenly out from the entry, which led to the stairs of Mrs. Campbell Ardmore, who should appear but Lady Glenfoik leaning on the arm of the idol of all his wishes.

The residence of another friend of her

her ladyship was but a few doors west ward from the spot, and Macdonald thought he should be able to join them before they could reach the door; but the strength of her Ladyship's limbs had been reinvigorated by the intelligence which she had received from Mrs. Campbell, and she hurried so fast on, that the door-bell had been rung by the fair hand of Mary before her lover was near enough to speak.

It is perhaps necessary to explain that the reason why Mary rang the bell, instead of knocking as a gentlewoman ought to do, was because there was no knocker on the door; for it is not the custom in the Scottish metropolis to have bells for servants, and knockers for the gentry, as in London; and various causes may be assigned for this peculiarity of our prudent and sagacious northern neighbours—this ingenious refinement of the modern Athenians. The most obvious certainly is the economy of the thing, because where only a bell is used the ex-

pense of a knocker is saved; but not to insist upon this, it is more congenial to the philosophic habits of the people to suppose, that the omission of the one or the other, as the case may be, is a deliberate act of the understanding, deduced from a principle of comfort---for the larum of a gentlemanly or a footmanly plying of the knocker, would be so tremendous in the hollow silence of the new town of Edinburgh, that the consequences cannot be *a priori* imagined. In the first place, the sound would peal along the streets, and rising from the New Town, would reverberate among the cliffs of the castle, and the clustering mansions of the old city---then slanting eastward would roll around the Calton Hill, and diverging towards Arthur Seat, would there leap and bound from rock to rock, till its awful concussions were lost in the hollows and recesses of the Salisbury Craigs.

Miss Mary Campbell Darknish having, as we have described, rung the bell,

Macdonald, in the moment the door opened, was at her side---and, with the utmost non-chalance, as her Ladyship thought, but with great good-humour as her niece imagined, said, "Ladies your most obedient."

"Mr. Macdonald, how do you do?" replied Lady Glenfoik, erecting her head unto the utmost pitch of dignity.

"Mary, what's the matter?" cried the astonished lover to the mild complacent object of his affections, and, without waiting for a reply, addressing himself to her aunt said, "Have I in any way offended your Ladyship?"

"Offended me!" exclaimed her Ladyship with emphatic coldness; "No, Sir, fortunately that is not in your power."

This was still more extraordinary, and Macdonald, in a tone of earnest anxiety, said, "How then have I incurred your displeasure? Why this change in you too Mary?"

Lady Glenfoik prevented her niece

from replying, and said, "You cannot be surprised, Sir, that others should change their minds."

"Others!" cried Macdonald; "I do not understand your Ladyship. I entreat your Ladyship to afford me some satisfaction."

"You are very impertinent," answered her Ladyship sharply, "to ask me to give you satisfaction. To rue in time is very prudent---circumstances cause changes---the respect due to my family will not allow me to condescend to be more particular."

In saying this her Ladyship took Mary's arm, which she had resigned when they had reached the house; and, hurrying into the hall, wished Macdonald good morning; and with her own hands shut the door against him.

Macdonald was overwhelmed at once with rage and consternation, and could almost have had the rudeness to kick the door open, when in the very instant of his paroxysm Mr. Ghee, the caddy,

whom Jooker employed to deliver the fatal note, and more fatal Review, came up to him, and pulling down the brim of his own hat instead of taking it off, a sly invention of the Scottish populace to prevent themselves from taking cold, said---"Will it pleasure you. Sir, to tell me what na Miss Campbell lives here."

"Devil!" said Macdonald, and rapidly strode away.

"Miss Campbell, Deevil!" said the caddy inwardly. I never heard of her before, but I'll keep it to mysel, for as she's a new comer, nane of the rest (meaning the other caddies) will ken when she's speered for, and I'll monopoleese her awhile."

CHAP. VIII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenc'd
In mail of proof—her purity of soul.

MACDONALD ARDSKEEN was a young man of very amiable dispositions, but not endowed with any particular talent, he was accordingly not much thought of among the sharp writers to the signet, and the spruce advocates of the intellectual city; but he was nevertheless a very estimable character. He was richly endowed with that genuine love of his native land and affection for its people, which constitute the great features of the Highland gentleman's character; and in choosing a partner to enjoy with him the romantic scenery and simple hospitalities of Ardskeen, he could not have made a more judicious choice than Mary Darknish. It is true, that habit had rendered her perhaps

too submissive to the dictation of her aunt; but there was a treasure of good sense and correct feeling in her bosom, that all the ordinary events of life might draw largely on without exhausting. Besides, she was adorned with that sweet artlessness of character which graces the simplicity of Highland manners, infinitely more than accomplishments of a bolder and more splendid kind; and it was this charm in her deportment perhaps, quite as much as her more solid qualities of the mind and heart, that had engaged the affections of Ardskeen. It remained, indeed, for circumstances to draw forth the latent vigour of her character, and to show that with the charming simplicity that befitted the Highland lassie, she was capable of acting with the dignity and decision that was expected in the Highland lady.

Having returned home, and entered the parlour, she deposited her bonnet on the table, with a degree of negligence that amazed Lady Glenfoik, to whom she said

in a tone that with infinite mildness was quite irresistible---" I am in great doubt of the propriety of all this kind of proceeding, and I will certainly not decidedly quarrel with Mr. Macdonald, till I have more satisfactory reasons than your Ladyship's suspicion. I feel that I have done wrong in parting from him, in the manner that your Ladyship has obliged me to do---or rather in the manner that I have been silly enough to submit to."

Lady Glenfoik was thunderstruck; she listened and she looked---and without uttering a word she seated herself in the arm-chair by the fire-side, and looked like one awakened from a dream. After a pause of a minute or two she said---" Mary Campbell, have you lost your senses? I am surprised, and beginning to be confounded—what is it that you intend to do? Do you mean to disgrace your family?"

" I hope," replied the intrepid girl, still more strikingly showing the natural

superiority of her sentiments, "I hope that I shall not be so weak as to act unworthily towards any man, who has professed for me the affection that Mr. Macdonald has done."

Her Ladyship bounced from her seat at these words, exclaiming, "You are a disgrace to your sex and blood."

"I am," replied Mary, "certainly unconscious of the means that have made me so."

"Go to your room," was the commanding answer; "Go to your room, maiden, and when you have better reflected on your spiritless want of pride and decorum, then you may come to me—but for the present I have no more to say to you. But to your room, Miss, to your room, and learn what it is to treat a woman of my experience with so much impertinence."

The force of habit prevailed—and Mary, without being at all changed or convinced by the lofty tone of her aunt, retired from the parlour.

Macdonald, in the meantime, had hastened back to his lodgings in a flutter of anxiety and indignation, that almost transported him out of himself, and he sat down to write a letter on the subject. His first intention was to address Mary, conceiving that as it was with her alone his happiness was concerned, it was from her that he ought to require an explanation of the extraordinary rebuff which he had received: but there was a languishing tenderness in the last look she had cast on him that disarmed his anger against her, while it served by a strange sympathy to convert it into fiercer fury against her aunt. We shall however leave him at his desk, under the influence of these conflicting emotions, and return to our worthy friend Mrs. Campbell, whose fears and cares, although of a different kind, were scarcely less keenly excited than those of the indignant lover To do her daughter justice, her expectations were more moderate; she was surprised

at the fervour with which the old lady had allowed herself to believe, that Mr. Macdonald had shown her any more than the common civilities of the ball-room. But Mrs. Campbell had become very anxious to see her daughter settled in life, and would have grasped with avidity at any chance, even if more improbable, with equal exultation and earnestness---she wished too warmly not to believe too easily; and in this originated the curious facility of the self-delusion into which she was so suddenly and causelessly betrayed.

CHAP. IX.

"The good old gentleman was quite aghast."

In the opinion of Mrs. Campbell there were such signs and indications of love on the part of Ardskeen as she supposed, that, from all she had heard, she ought to be prepared to give him a proper answer. Accordingly, as soon as Glenfell had left her she resolved to call on Dr. Macleish, a friend of her dear deceased husband, as she always spoke of Mr. Campbell, (having heard a great English lady at Inverary Castle so speak of her departed lord.)

On reaching the doctor's house she was at once admitted to an audience, and upon entering the room she addressed him, with her best smiles and

pleasantest manner, to the following effect :---"How weel pleased, Doctor, I am to find you at home, and without ony patients, which I am greatly surprised at, considering the unwholesome weather at this time of the year. Its a long time since I have had the felicity of seeing you, Doctor; I often wonder you canna find the road up our stairs. I hope you dinna wait for an invitation."

"Ah, Mrs. Campbell," replied the Doctor, placing a chair for her, and seating himself in another by her side, "folks like you seldom need the physician. Industry and temperance are great adversaries to the faculty."

"A very good observe," said Mrs. Campbell, "but health and strength wear out at length, and a widow-woman's a failing subject."

"And how does Miss Mary do?" inquired the Doctor.---"No word of a husband yet; it begins to be time."

"Worth is not wealth;" replied the lady, "but what will be will---she'll

get in a good time all that's ordained for her; and the best among us, Doctor, can get no more. But supposing, Doctor, that a creditable match was to cast up, what is your opinion?"

"That you should on no account allow such a thing to slip through your fingers;" was the dry reply of Doctor Macliesh, who began to suspect that this unexpected visit was not altogether disinterested.

"Well, that's just my own opinion;" said Mrs. Campbell, "but supposing there was something between the gentleman and another lady, what would you think then?"

The Doctor did not immediately reply; but having reflected some time, he said cautiously, "That must depend on the circumstances of the case."

"I am glad to hear you say so," resumed Mrs. Campbell, "for I have some reason to think that Macdonald Ardskeen has seen my Mary to advantage; and maybe you may have heard that

he had some dealings with Mary Darknish, auld Lady Glenfoik's niece, a cousin of my own: but the length that they went is what I would be weel pleased to learn---and now, Doctor, as you are going much about sick beds, maybe you may have heard something about the business."

The Doctor, however, assured her he had not, and that although he was in the practice of being professionally called in by Lady Glenfoik, he was not in the custom of visiting at her house.

"I wonder at that," replied Mrs. Campbell, "it maun be your own fault Doctor—for certain sure am I, that if I were Lady Glenfoik, and frail and infirm, and my head tottering with the palsy like her's, I would be glad to see a doctor with your ability whenever he was pleased to come. Howsomever, Doctor, could you not, to serve a friend, just by the way as it were of breaking the ice of ceremony, take occasion to look in upon her ladyship, and in a far

aff round-about manner, probe the matter between her niece and Mr. Macdonald. It would be a great favour to me and Mary; and when I think on the love and regard that my dear deceased husband had for you Doctor, I think we have a claim on you for this turn."

Dr. Macliesh, who was totally unacquainted with every circumstance and incident in the case, thought that there must surely be some reason for this application on the part of Mrs. Campbell, and promised that he would call on Lady Glenfoik as he was returning from the church-yard.

"Ah, Doctor, wha's dead now?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"The Laird of Kilfogie," replied the Doctor.

"Poor man!" was the sympathetic remark of Mrs. Campbell "and so he has won awa' at last—he had a sore time o't. I heard that his nephew had called you in, and I knew that there could be no hope---but its a warning to

us all, for he led but a loose kind of a life."

"He was, indeed," said the Doctor, "a man that took great liberties with his constitution, but he was beyond the power of medicine before I was called in."

"That could make little difference," replied Mrs. Campbell, "for you may well remember my dear deceased husband---that was a perfect image of sobriety, was na lang among your hands; but when the Lord's time is come, its no in the power of Nature to say "Nay." I suppose the nephew has got the bulk of his fortune, and no doubt he rewarded you handsomely, for I am told he's an excellent young man. As for the laird, I fancy gin the truth were told, he's well awa, for he was after all, Doctor, but a neer-do-weel body. Howsomever, I'll no detain you longer at present, and ye'll no forget to call at Lady Glenfoik's."

"You may rely on me," said the Doctor, "as soon as I have got my

work safe home, I will make a point of ascertaining what you wish."

"Ah, Doctor," replied Mrs. Campbell, who had in the meantime risen, and moved towards the door; "Ah, Doctor, its a fye-for-shame of you to be so jocose with your dead patients"---and with these words Mrs. Campbell bade the Doctor adieu, and returned to her own house mightily content with her maternal prudence.

CHAP. X.

"My ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel."

We must now revert to the occasion of Bencleo not keeping his appointment with Miss Mary Campbell Ardmore, because on that circumstance hangs the issue of our eventful story. It was the arrival of a friend in Edinburgh---and as every thing that happens must have a cause, this arrival had one also.

The friend here alluded to was Mr. Ruart, a Glasgow merchant, whose losses in trade had come so thick upon him, that, after exhausting every expedient to preserve his credit, he was constrained to stop payment, having, like most others in the same situation, continued to pay till all was drained, still hoping that some improbable

stroke of good fortune would occur to set his affairs again right. Having stopped payment, he was advised by his friends to take legal advice as to the course he ought next to adopt in winding up of his concerns, and it was for the purpose of consulting Bencloo that he had come to Edinburgh.

There was much in the situation of Mr. Ruart to interest the heart and reason of Bencloo, independent altogether of the relationship between them. He had set out in life apparently with numerous high mercantile connexions; his talents were of a distinguished order, and his attention to business was exemplary---but he was too apt to indulge his feelings, and to glow with an unusual warmth of gratitude for those reciprocal helps and aids, vulgarly called raising the wind, which are not peculiar to the mercantile circles of Glasgow, and this led to his ruin.

In his outset of life, all those high mercantile connexions that he was

taught by others to expect would assist him, proved of no use whatever to any of his undertakings---so that he was constrained with very limited means to trust entirely to his own exertions. But, except Bencloo, his schoolfellow and cousin, the world knew nothing of all this, but was pleased to think, with as much reason as it does in many other cases, that Ruart was well supported. The consequence of this was, that some of those older establishments, who had traded or treated beyond their means, condescended to encourage him to deal with them---and from one thing to another, led him into that train of accommodation-bills, which finally terminated in their mutual overthrow.

The circumstances attending the failure were somewhat remarkable. The pride of the houses, which stood in need of Ruart's credit to support their impaired capital, would not allow them to fail first; and in order to bring him down, they had allowed him on one

pretext after another to pay bill on bill, till, as we have already stated, he had paid away all that he possessed. But this commercial machiavelism of theirs was of no avail---some other prop on which they had leant, not being actuated by quite so ardent a sense of gratitude for similar favours as Ruart, intimated to them in a proper laconic business-like manner, that unless they sent them forthwith the needful wherewithal to retire their bills, they would necessarily be dishonoured. This decision ended the game. The old respectable concerns went the way that they had long been conscious of going, and Ruart also stopped payment.

It happened that previous to this event, the mother and sister of Ruart had come from a neighbouring village to live with him. He had, in the sanguine hopes of youthful prosperity, written to them for this purpose several months before, but in the village to which Mrs. Ruart had retired after

the death of her husband, a clergyman of the established Church of Scotland, some time was requisite for the disposal of her modest mansion, and such articles of her furniture as were deemed unfit for the modish dwelling of her thriving son.

The old lady was a descendant of the royal race of the Macdonalds, kings of the isles; and, with a lofty notion of her own dignity, she united many of the most affectionate and maternal virtues. At an early age a female relation, who had been married to an English gentleman of fortune, invited her to London, and in her house she was introduced to the best society of that metropolis; her manners in consequence were formed in a school far superior to the circle of life in which she was destined to move.

The Reverend Mr. Ruart was the domestic tutor and chaplain of a Scottish nobleman, with whose lady the cousin of Miss Macdonald lived on terms of great intimacy. This led to their ac-

quaintance; and his elegant attainments and excellent qualities of the head and heart, with her beauty and accomplishments, soon inspired a mutual affection, which, as soon as he was appointed by his patron to be the minister of the parish of Dunalbin, was consummated with their marriage. Blest with the man of her heart, in whose elegant mind she obtained more than a recompence for all the advantages which she had sacrificed by what her relations called an imprudent marriage, the sequestered manse of Dunalbin was so embellished by the charms of happiness and congenial taste, that she never regretted the loss of that splendour which irradiated the spacious mansion of her cousin in Grosvenor-square. But her felicity was not of long duration. Intense study had impaired the constitution of her husband, and soon after the birth of her daughter he expired in her arms, leaving her with no other means, for the support of her-

self and their two infant children than the scanty pittance from that fund which the Scottish clergy have provided for their widows. Her native dignity, however, gave respectability even to this, and by her industry she so contrived to augment her little income, that she still preserved her station with undiminished gentility. Her neighbours gave her opulent London friends the credit of assisting her straitened stipend; for it was ascertained that from time to time she received an occasional remittance in Bank of England notes---but these were the fruit of her industry. Among other accomplishments she was a skilful embroiderer; and a fashionable dress-maker in London, whom she had formerly known, gave her regular and profitable employment. By these means she was enabled to educate her children, in a manner that was considered as calculated to inspire them with ideas above their condition---and

perhaps in this she erred. But nature had so impressed her with the love of intellectual elegance, and her education with the admiration of noble principles and honourable ambition, that although, in her own case, she had preferred happiness to grandeur, it never occurred to her that her children should be taught to limit their views to the same humble sphere.

But why should we spend so much time on the character of the mother, when "metal more attractive" in the daughter claims attention. Flora Ruart was at this time in the bloom and beauty of eighteen. Her stature rose to the majestic, but it was slender and elégant; her complexion may rather be described as that transparent loveliness which expresses every movement of the mind, than compared to the poetical blendings of the rose and lily; and her full blue eyes were, in the opinion of many, superior to being beautiful, by a peculiar lambent intellectual radiance

beaming with an indescribable pathos, that at once melted and delighted the heart. It was impossible to look on her without admiration or love; but there was a strange tincture of sorrow mingled with these animating feelings; and she was often viewed rather as the transient vision of some fair creature of a purer element, than as a woman sent to bear the duties of the sex in this rude world of men and housewifery. Yet in her disposition she was unusually buoyant and cheerful; an artless, light, and bounding gaiety, was the characteristic of her spirit; and a *piquant naiveté* lent the charms of the most playful graces to her manners.

CHAP. XI.

"He who presents an offering to a friend,
By the acceptance feels himself repaid."

THE result of Ruart's conference with Bencloo was, that he should submit his affairs, in the first instance, to his creditors; and in the next, to advise them, both for his own sake and theirs, on account of the confusion arising from the different failures in which he was interested, to make him a bankrupt.—"You have no choice, my friend, but this," said Bencloo; "to this issue your affairs must come at last, and your only chance of redeeming the misfortunes of the past, is by being free to act again as soon as possible."

This advice Ruart knew was the soundest he could adopt, but his heart swelled with something more painful than even mortified pride, at the idea

of communicating the news to his mother and sister.

Bencloo was well acquainted with the high sentiments of the old lady, but he also duly appreciated the firmness and strength of her character; and, in reflecting on the effect it might have on Flora, the idea suddenly occurred to him that this was an occasion in which he might interest Glenfell with advantage. To determine with Macdonald was to act; he accordingly advised Ruart to return the same day to Glasgow; and, exhorting him to meet his misfortunes with manliness, left him to call on Glenfell.

He found the young Laird in his room, as we have described, much dissatisfied with himself, and longing to meet with something interesting in life. Without much preface Bencloo told him what had happened to Ruart, adding, "Now, Glenfell, this is an occasion in which you may find that sort of employment for a few days that will do you more

good than all your idle schemes for personal and mental improvement. I wish you to accompany him to Glasgow, and to remain with him until he has met his creditors."

"But of what use can I be to him?" inquired Glenfell, "I know nothing of mercantile concerns, and merchants possessed of any common sense, you have often said, will never allow lawyers to embroil their differences. Besides I have never paid much attention to commercial law."

"All that is very true," replied the writer to the signet; "and if there were any legal advice required in Ruart's affairs, be assured I would not recommend you. This, in a word, is a case that stands in need of more than a lawyer's aid: it requires a man's. Ruart's feelings are very keen, and though possessed of a strong mind, the particular state of his domestic arrangements is such, that he runs a greater risk of being upset by what may take

place at home, than any harshness he may suffer at the meeting of his creditors. He will be well enough advised, I doubt not, in all that relates to his business; but I wish you, as an old friend, to help him in the more painful conflict of his domestic embarrassments."

"But what would you have me do?" said Glenfell, utterly at a loss to conceive why Macdonald should advise him to interfere in Ruart's affairs.

"Go with him, and be guided by circumstances," was the earnest reply. "It is enough that you know he is placed in a situation sufficiently trying, to make a man of even more experience and fortitude doubt of himself; and what I wish is, that you should be on the spot. Your own reflections there will point out better than I can possibly imagine, what may then be expedient to do."

Glenfell agreed to go. Ruart, as well as Macdonald, had been at the

same school with him, and a strong juvenile friendship had rendered them very dear to each other; but from the time that Ruart had been placed in a counting-house at Glasgow they had seldom met. Glenfell had not seen Flora for many years, and had indeed no remembrance of the early promise of that extraordinary beauty, into which she had gradually unfolded—and Macdonald, in urging him to go with Ruart, abstained from mentioning her.

This was an instance of address on the part of Bencloo, of which we know not well what to say, for in truth the main reason that made him anxious Glenfell should go to Glasgow was, that he might see Flora in all the advantageous beauty of grief, which the heart and fancy of his generous friend were calculated to feel with peculiar force; while, at the same time, he was persuaded that the warmth and delicacy of Glenfell's friendship would afford a consolation and support to her

brother, that would appease the anguish of the feelings natural to his situation.

The only obstacle, indeed, that Glenfell had at first to going at all, arose from a circumstance in itself silly enough, and one perhaps we should suppress;—it was no other than a formal invitation to dinner, which he had received from his aunt, Mrs. Campbell, about ten days before, with all the formality of a distant stranger, and this grand dinner was to take place next day. Glenfell had on former occasions received much amusement at Mrs. Campbell's parties of this kind, and he had set his heart on enjoying it with additional relish in the company of Bencloo, for whom he had resolved to procure an invitation. It was therefore at first with sone reluctance that he was induced to forego the expected pleasure; but the earnestness of Macdonald, and the natural warmth of his disposition, when once excited, soon prevailed, and

he agreed, as we have mentioned, to accompany Ruart to Glasgow that afternoon. It was necessary, however, that he should make a ceremonious apology to her, for whom he certainly entertained no ceremonious sentiment, though a good deal of affection; and for this purpose, before going to Ruart, who was sitting disconsolate enough in M'Gregor's hotel, he persuaded Macdonald to accompany him to his aunt.

It may seem to the eyes of our fair readers, who are doubtless all much delighted with the delicious romance of disinterested friendship, a great drawback on the character of our hero, that he should have attached so much consequence, so much self-indulgence, to the ludicrous banquet of Mrs. Campbell; but if we did not know how much they are averse to all metaphysical speculation, we would here convince them in a very profound disquisition on the principles of moral necessity, that the hesitation which influenced the

mind of Glenfell arose from the distinct images which his memory cherished of what he had formerly experienced, in opposition to his hazy perception of the service he might render to Ruart. We can however assure them, that had Macdonald placed before his imagination a picture of the dignified distress of the mother of Ruart, and painted the beautiful and delicate Flora bending in her sorrow, like a lily, oppressed with the beating rain and pelting of the pityless tempest, he would have been impatient to hasten to their assistance with the succour of more than half his fortune.

CHAP. XII.

"Thrift, thrift Horatio."

As Mrs. Campbell was returning to her own house, from Dr. M'Cleish's, her mind was naturally occupied with the hopes and prospects which the events of the morning had unfolded, and she thought it was highly expedient to be civil towards Mr. Macdonald. This laudable determination became the parent of several others, all verging to the indulgence of hospitable feelings, so that before she had passed Dumbreck's hotel, in St. Andrew's Square, from which a savoury smell of soups and cookery regaled her olfactory nerves, she resolved to invite him to her grand dinner, which was to take place, as we have stated, next day, and for which she had been some time making the most abundant preparations.

The reader may be apt to question the consistency of the character which we have given of this lady, when he hears of so great an undertaking as a grand dinner; and may be at a loss, if he has never visited the Scottish metropolis, to reconcile such a circumstance with that economy with which Mrs. Campbell has been represented as so highly embued. But genteel people with straitened incomes are necessitated to be diplomatical in their entertainments as well as much greater folks. The fact is, that Mrs. Campbell's prospective banquet was, in reality, a genuine diplomatic dinner.

It was one of two great annual occasions, in which, to use an expression of the learned author of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, she "displayed her wealth and liberality," being devised to pay off certain debts of gratitude due to her neighbours for similar manifestations of hospitality, and to impose obligations by which others in re-

turn should invite her and Mary to their parties.

The one feast was given early in the winter, and the guests were invited a week at least before Miss Mary's return from the Highlands.—As there was great skill and address in this arrangement, it behoves us to explain it, for a casual observer might have imagined that the whole affair was but an example of that genuine hospitality which anciently prevailed among the Highlanders.

About three weeks before the expected return of her daughter from Argyleshire, Mrs. Campbell informed her by a letter under a frank, for which she had waited several days, that the house would be cleaned and ready by the latter end of October. Upon the receipt of this important intelligence, Miss Mary fixed the day of her return, and immediately began to collect game, and various other articles for the dinner, and for casual tea and turn-out parties in the winter. In the meantime, her mother issued her

cards of invitation, and duly, two or three days before the festival, Miss Mary arrived with baskets of game, bottles of whiskey, sausages, dried fish, and a side or quarter of venison, according to the liberality of the family from whom she took her departure.

The reader must now be sensible that the great fall dinner of Mrs. Campbell had in it nothing of extravagance; but perhaps the spring occasion requires a little more explanation, and, in truth, it would be doing great injustice to her management, not to unfold the secret motives of it also.

In the course of the winter, it may be easily conceived, without any particular statement of the fact, that Mrs. Campbell and her daughter incurred many obligations of civility, which it was necessary to discharge, in order to preserve that reciprocity of intercourse which is so requisite between families where there are unmarried daughters.

During Miss Mary's annual excursion to Argyleshire and districts adjacent, she visited many families, where she generally met with young ladies anxious to see and partake of the gaieties of Edinburgh, which no one could better describe than herself: and when a suitable opportunity offered, she invited one or two of them to spend a fortnight with her in the spring. It was not convenient to ask them for the winter, because there was a risk that bad weather might render their visit too long: besides, by inviting them for the spring she was always ready, when the period of their visit expired, to accompany them back to the Highlands, on a visit to them.

Out of this judicious system the spring banquet arose, for the visitants came, like Miss Mary, laden with cargoes of provisions; which enabled Mrs. Campbell to provide a great feast at little cost, and, at the same time, to make a deep and lasting impression on her guests

of the grandeur and style of her entertainments.

But to return to our narrative. The autumnal banquet, the harvest-home of Mrs. Campbell and her daughter, being at hand, she resolved to invite Mr. Macdonald; thus, by the operation of some occult law of nature, was she induced to think the same thought as her nephew Glenfell. The German philosophers are of opinion, that people who resemble each other in person, resemble each other also in mind; and no doubt where the same blood beats in different veins, the same thoughts will rise in the different hearts. It being, as the naturalists know, a settled thing, that the life is in the blood, and the soul being the life, where the blood is of the same sort, the soul must be of the same kind. It is therefore not surprising that the aunt should have thoughts, as well as the nephew, of inviting Bencloo; the fact is, the daughter also entertained the same idea, and only hesitated to speak

of it with that amiable diffidence peculiar to young ladies, because she did not well know how it could be done with regard to the etiquettes of fashionable life, which were so necessary to be strictly attended to on so great an occasion. She had some notion of broaching the subject to Glenfell, but she was afraid of his merciless ridicule, conscious, from what had already taken place, that he would dive into her motives; and she also dreaded to trust her mother, whose precipitate prudence she was afraid might prove, by some unguarded stroke of address, still more embarrassing. But from this state of doubt and fear she was happily relieved, when the old lady, on her return, told her, that she intended to request Glenfell to ask Mr. Macdonald to the dinner.

CHAP. XIII.

"But hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes."

ALTHOUGH the reader has been made acquainted with the highly satisfactory reasons which induce that portion of the inhabitants of the New Town of Edinburgh, who live in the enjoyment of houses with street-doors, to dispense with the use of knockers, it is necessary to observe, that the expediency of the practice not being so obvious to those who, like Mrs. Campbell Ardmore, occupy a flat or floor opening on a common stair-case, knockers are not so rare among them. Perhaps it may be as well here, once for all, to mention that Mrs. Campbell's door was adorned with a handsome brass one, and which was always kept remarkably bright and clean.

When she first went to the house there was only a bell, which being one day pulled down by a consequential visitor, she agreed, after consulting with her daughter, that although a brass knocker would cost more than the estimated expense of repairing the bell, yet in the end it would be cheaper, because knockers are not so apt to go wrong as bells. Besides there was an important advantage attached to knockers to which bells had not the slightest pretension—and that was the faculty of announcing the rank of the visitors; an advantage which Mrs. Campbell pointed out to her daughter would be a great convenience to them who were obliged to look after the house, and consequently not always in a condition to receive genteel strangers.

A knocker was accordingly purchased and placed on the door, and *the lassie*, who assisted the housemaid, and who was ordered to be always after breakfast neatly dressed to attend the door, was

duly instructed in the language thereof, and carefully admonished not to be in too great a hurry to open to a double knock. The innocent lassie thought this order very singular, because she imagined that those who announced themselves by the sounding peal ought to receive the most alert attention; but in process of time she began to suspect the hidden wisdom of her mistress's instructions. Accordingly, in proportion to the loudness and duration of the peal, she was tardy in giving admittance; nay, on some occasions, she even went so far as to look into the parlour before going to the door; the reason and purpose of which must be left to the reader's ingenuity to discover, for we do not think it necessary to fatigue the attention by dwelling too long on trifling topics, and therefore we cut short much of the interesting matter which might have been added on the use of bells and knockers, to resume the thread of our discourse.

While Glenfell and Bencloo were walking towards Mrs. Campbell's, that exemplary lady and her daughter were severally employed in two separate branches of their domestic economy. Miss Mary was busy sewing the new French flounce on her green sarsnet gown, and Mrs. Campbell was planning with bits of paper, on the table beside her, what would be the most advantageous method of setting out the banquet board at their great dinner.

In the midst of some doubt relative to the proper situation for a tongue stewed with spices, (a dish which Miss Mary had had been informed, while in Argyleshire, was highly esteemed by the noble guests at Inverary Castle) a loud and long peal on the bright brazen knocker announced the visitors.

Mrs. Campbell instantly gathered up her bits of paper and threw them into the fire, exclaiming at the same moment, Mary, Mary, fling by your seam; hide it out of sight. Whenever you hear a

double knock at the door you should fly to your painting or music. That was the way I got my accomplished character when I was a young leddy."

Miss Mary accordingly put the French flounce and the green sarsnet gown into her work-basket; and while her mother pushed it under the middle piece of the dining-table, the hanging leaves of which concealed it from view, she hastily took up a book, and placed herself in the posture of an attentive student. In the meantime, the lassie that attended the door had admitted Macdonald and Glenfell; so that, as they entered the room, Miss Mary was in a condition to raise her head, as if disturbed in her reading.

Glenfell introduced his friend to Mrs. Campbell, by whom he was graciously received, and, as if by accident, invited to take a seat on that side of the fire where the fair student had so engagingly placed herself. Glenfell sat down beside his aunt, and while the customary declarations on the state of the weather were

making by the whole party, Mrs. Campbell hospitably poked the fire with such effect, that the dust rolled voluminous and vast to the ceiling.

When the state of the weather had been thoroughly discussed, Glenfell very innocently said, that Macdonald having an hour to spare before dinner, has resolved to waste it here. "We are greatly flattered by his condescension," replied Mrs. Campbell; but seeing Macdonald addressing himself to her daughter, she turned to Glenfell and chidingly remarked, "You need not have been so soon at your practices. You might have got another word for waste; it would have been more discreet. For you may have put it into his head that the time spent here is all lost."

"On my conscience, aunt," cried Glenfell, "I was not aware you had been so much of a critic."

"None of your phantasies now, Glenfell," said Mrs. Campbell in a better humour, glancing towards Macdonald

and her daughter: "it would be more to the credit of some folks if they were less critical. They'll never devaul till they are brought to an untimely end with their criticeesing."

"Why," exclaimed Glenfell, "I thought you were one of the patrons of the Review."

"The gude forbid," cried the lady, waxing more and more pleased. "I only take it in for Mary, that it may authorise her to speak about poets, and such like things, at Mrs. Lagan's converzationies."

"In that respect you confess the book is useful," said Glenfell jocularly.

"I'll no deny but it is of some service," was the answer of Mrs. Campbell, in a wheedling tone of satisfaction: "And to say true, may-be such a book was wanted; for I have known a world of good it has done to mony a dunkled character."

Glenfell looked at his aunt like a votary of the Pythia listening to the response of the oracle; and she went on

to say, "I have noticed whenever a new Number comes out the scandal of the town stands still, and the whole talk is about the Review. But if I was an author, as I am but a woman, I would put a skewer in the nose of that ettercap Francy Iamphler, who has no more respect for the writings of the best divine in the land than for a play-book or a novel,—nor so mickle. But although the book comes from Constable's with my name on the cover, I would na have you to think me guilty of such a piece of extravagance as to take in a whole Review."

"I must acknowledge," said Glenfell, "that I have been surprised at the circumstance, and intended to have asked for some explanation."

"I'll let you into the secret, if you'll promise no to speak o't again," was the answer. "My own second cousin, the Reverend Mr. Bellwhidder, used to buy the book; but as his stipend's not a lord's living, I proposed to him, that if

he would let it come in my name for Mary's sake, I would pay him a sixpence on every Number; and paying him a sixpence on every Number, the book comes to me straight from the bookseller's shop; so I pass for one of the regular literati. Folks now-a-days, Glenfell, are put to their shifts; what with taxation and tribulation there's no saying how it will end; but I am sure if it were na for fear of the outstrap'lous Reformers I would na care that Government felt the weight of a heavy hand; for I declare it's void of conscience, and should na get all its own way in such an unmerciful manner. But, Glenfell, ye don't know what I have got; will ye come into the drawing-room, and I'll let you see my curiosity."

Glenfell was so bewildered with his aunt's incoherent rambling, the consequence of her attention being attracted towards Macdonald and her daughter; that he rose involuntarily and followed her. "Don't you think," said she, when

they were in the passage, "that your friend is greatly taken with my Mary?"

This question explained everything, and tickled his fancy so exceedingly that he could not refrain from flattering her hopes, in such a manner as to leave no doubt that marriage would be the consequence.

But that attention of Macdonald to Miss Mary, which her mother thought so explicit of affection, and which suggested the pretext for bringing them together, was, in truth, but his natural manner of sifting the character of a new acquaintance.

Miss Mary heard her mother's invitation to Glenfell, and took the opportunity of informing Macdonald, that the curiosity was a mandarin, a present from her uncle in the Madras army. "He has been long in India," said the simple Miss Mary, "and has made, they say, a large fortune. Poor man, we have long wished that he would come home and marry, for he is in very bad health,

and my mother being his only sister, it would be so comfortable to us to see him settled. But I fear that pleasure will never be enjoyed, for his last letters were full of his infirmities."

"He will, however, leave the bulk of his fortune to you," said Macdonald drily. To which Miss Mary answered with truth and feeling, "O, Sir, his fortune is a thing that never enters into our consideration. He may leave it to me, or he may not; but it would be better if he would marry, and enjoy it himself."

Macdonald rose with an unamiable expression of countenance, as if he had contemptuous ideas, and inquired if he might not also see the mandarin.

In the same moment, however, the aunt and nephew returning into the room, Macdonald hastily reminded Glenfell of his promise respecting Ruart, and wished Mrs. Campbell and her daughter good morning, as if pressed by the sudden recollection of some

important affair which he had strangely neglected.

When the gentlemen had taken leave, and the basket in which the French flounce and the green sarsnet gown were deposited, was again replaced between the feet of the table and the hearth-rug; when Miss Mary had resumed her seam, and the book which gave her such an air of erudition was again placed upon the mantlepiece, to be at hand for the next occasion; in short, when Mrs. Campbell had again taken an old letter, and divided it into seventeen parts, the exact number of the dishes which she intended for her feast, instead of reviving the important subject of the spiced tongue, she began to speak her approbation of Mr. Macdonald with great pith and earnestness.

This, in my opinion, was a very inartificial stratagem of that clever woman, for it was quite unnecessary to make use of any device to discover the sentiments of her daughter towards him.

But it is the custom with ladies of a certain age and experience to court the confidence of their daughters in the tender affairs of the heart, and Mrs. Campbell thought it her duty to do as she had been done by. In the midst of her panegyric, however, she forgot herself and exclaimed, "And what did he say to you, Mary, my dear, when we were out of the room."

The incident of their conversation which had made the deepest impression on the sensibility of the young lady was, Macdonald's remark on the probable reversion of her uncle's fortune. Some of my fair readers have, no doubt, thought it a very base mercenary question, and have justly regarded him as a vile man. Miss Mary, however, had more sense—she considered it as little less than an unequivocal declaration of love, and her mother, on being informed of it, was quite of the same opinion, observing, that it was a sure and certain sign that his thoughts were running on the marriage settlements.

Their mutual congratulation, on the flattering prospects which were thus unfolded, was suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Campbell lamenting that she had neglected to invite him to dinner, and that it would therefore be requisite to send a note to him immediately.

The task of writing the note was deputed to Miss Mary, because, as her mother observed, "nobody could spell but herself with the pens she kept."

CHAP. XIV.

" A plague on both your houses."

It is reported, but upon what authority we know not, that, from time immemorial, a deadly feud had been faithfully cherished between the clans of the Glenfells and Glenfoiks. Some antiquaries have been of opinion that it was not, however, of such great antiquity, as the traditionary historians of the respective clansmen pretended; and many who have investigated this important point, have even ventured to fix the æra when it first arose; and to describe the circumstances of the transaction.

The character of this feud, though accompanied with all the usual concomitants of clanish enmity, was very different from that of every other; and it

was by a careful examination of its peculiarities, that the learned antiquaries, particularly alluded to, were enabled to trace it to a specific cause.

It seems that the family of Glenfell had always assumed great superiority over that of Glenfoik, and that the Glenfoiks never would allow of this pretension; but, on the contrary, treated the Glenfells, in their turn, with the most ineffable contempt. In former times, this, no doubt, gave rise to many of those "wars of speed and spoil" which have been so admirably recorded in their respective chronicles: and in these latter days it was, no doubt, the instinctive cause of the conduct of the young laird towards Lady Glenfoik, and of her ladyship's dignified retaliation. There was, however, at one time, on the part of her ladyship, a very amiable conciliatory spirit towards him. The animosity of ancient days was mellowed by the combined operation of time and civilization, and softened in the gentle medium of

the female heart, had become manageable for all the ordinary purposes of ordinary life, and promised, in the course of a few ages, to become not irreconcilable. But the innate presumption of the Glenfells was still prompt and active in the ardent bosom of their young laird; and he for ever incurred the detestation of her ladyship, for daring one day to address her, in a large company, with what she conceived the most derogatory familiarity. The wrath of her ladyship from that moment burnt fiercely against him, and would not be appeased.

The reader may therefore justly conceive and sympathise with her ladyship's feelings, when, after returning from Mrs. Campbell's, she enquired of the footman if the note and book had been brought by Macdonald's own man, and was informed it had been delivered by M'Ghee the caddy, who had received it from Glenfell's English valet. Had there been no other proof of the total

dereliction of Macdonald, this alone would have been sufficient to satisfy her ladyship. She was indeed thoroughly convinced that one of the obnoxious articles in the Review must have been written by Glenfell himself, purposely to irritate her feelings, and that both he and Macdonald were enjoying the pleasing reflection of having done all in their power to vex her.

The consideration of the consequences to her niece were for a time lost in the overwhelming feelings which this thought was calculated to raise, and she gave full scope to her indignation in a torrent of invective, in which it was hard to say whether the defection of Macdonald, or hatred of Glenfell, was the topic.

The sensibility of Mary was sorely tried by the disappointment of the morning, and by the plausible reasons which her aunt assigned why the breach with Macdonald was complete. Hope, nevertheless, still fluttered in her bosom,

and whispered that her Ladyship was mistaken. Great, indeed, as her habitual deference was for the judgment of her aunt, Mary was still inclined to think it more probable that she must be in the wrong, than that Macdonald should so unaccountably and suddenly prove faithless. But the contest of wishes and feeling exhausted her spirits, and she felt herself unwell, and in need of repose; accordingly when the street bell was rung by Doctor Macleish on his return from the funeral of Killfoggie, she retired to her own room.

Her Ladyship had been long enough in the world to observe, that physicians never make friendly visits but on occasions of family misfortune, and the visit of Doctor Macleish at this juncture was another link in the chain of evidence to convince her of the altered affections of Macdonald. However, she received the Doctor with a praiseworthy degree of equanimity, and inquired what news were stirring, not exactly in the usual

negligent tone in which that solemn question is so often propounded, but still in a manner sufficiently free and indifferent. The answer of the Doctor was more natural, "Only flying reports," said he, "chiefly of a domestic nature."

Her Ladyship very shrewdly perceived, that the whole extent of her niece's case was already in the mouths of the profane vulgar; and she observed with philosophical composure to the Doctor---"I thought it would be so; you have no doubt then heard what has happened in this family."

Doctor Macleish, with his wonted professional address, replied, "that he had indeed heard something—nothing very circumstantial—poor Miss Campbell! how is she?"

"Quite as well" said her Ladyship, "as can be expected."

This answer unfortunately was instantly associated in the Doctor's mind with what Mrs. Campbell had said, and

he drew from it an inference of frightful import to the reputation of the young lady. "I am truly sorry to hear it," said he; "what does Macdonald say for himself?"

"He's a perjured wretch!" cried her Ladyship. "It is always the case when such things happen," said the Doctor. "Is there no hope of a marriage?"

"None whatever," answered her Ladyship, still kindling with anger. I would have regretted it less had he drawn up with any other than Mary Ardmore—a creature ingrained with the artifices of penurious gentility. She goes to the Highlands every year to wear her old gowns, although she pretends it is to visit her relations, just as if either she or her mother care a pinch of snuff for their whole clan."

"I did not understand," said the Doctor, softly sliding in his remark—"I did not understand that Mr. Macdonald had actually offered himself to Miss Campbell Ardmore!"

"Do they say he has?" interrupted her Ladyship, not particularly attending to what the Doctor said. "I wish her much good of him---but who told you this Doctor?'

"To be candid with your Ladyship," was the answer, "Mrs. Campbell herself."

This was decisive. Her Ladyship was completely satisfied, that the Doctor had told her that Mrs. Campbell had informed him of Macdonald having made a tender of his hand to her daughter; and the Doctor perceived from the effect which it had on the mind of her Ladyship, that it would be indecorous to prolong his visit. So after changing the conversation in that abrupt manner, which most people do when they find themselves engaged on a disagreeable topic, the Doctor soon after rose and took his leave.

In coming from her Ladyship's the Doctor had occasion to pass the door of Miss Mally M'Gab, one of his an-

nual patients, and he could do no less than inquire how she found herself that morning.

Miss Mally had been many years confined to her bed-chamber, but she was not the less accessible to company, and few maiden ladies could boast of a more extensive and communicative circle of acquaintance.

Some people are of opinion, that there is no harm in repeating a true secret, because sooner or later it will be discovered; but to begin the snow-ball of scandal, so liable to grow to an *evalanche*, and overwhelm with ruin its ill-fated victims, was in the nice sense of honour which Doctor Macleish cherished, totally unworthy of the medical character. He felt, however, no scruple in consideration of the authentic sources from which he had derived his information, of telling Miss Mally of the approaching nuptials of Mr. Macdonald with Mary Campbell Ardmore, and how very improperly he had acted towards the niece of Lady Glenfoik.

Miss Mally had heard of the intended marriage of Ardskeen and Mary Darknish; indeed, she had herself sent for Miss Peggy Shapings, the mantua-maker, to consult her respecting a new night-gown, for the express purpose of receiving an account of the marriage-dresses, and Miss Peggy had promised in the most confidential manner, that before sending them home Miss Mally should be favoured with a sight of them. The reader, therefore, need not be surprised at the astonishment which that much interested lady felt on hearing the important intelligence of the Doctor. In fact, she declared herself unusually indisposed on the occasion, and begged the Doctor to return in the evening, after he had seen Mrs. Campbell, for she was quite sure that she would require some cordial; and then she deplored the fickleness of all mankind, and sighed to think that perhaps poor Mary Darknish might, like herself, be confined to a sick room for life,

thereby intimating that some such dereliction of a lover had been the cause of her own long and hopeless malady.

The Doctor, in a sympathising tone, assured her that it was only the influence of a change in the weather that had affected her spirits, but he would certainly call in the evening, and if he found her no better would then order what was necessary to repair the temporary depression of the vital energy.

CHAP. XV.

"Alas! it is the business of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety."

Not to dwell on trifling details, we shall now for a time bid adieu to the progress of error in Edinburgh, and accompany Glenfell and his friend Ruart to Glasgow. It was very late when they arrived, for the young laird on seeing the dejected looks of the bankrupt had resolved to travel post, instead of by the stage-coach, in which they were liable to meet acquaintances; and with this view had purposely procrastinated their departure. To do Glenfell justice, his heart was now big with compassion for the situation of his friend. He recollected with an intense delight, that felt almost like anguish, the cheerful hilarity of Ruart's boyish days, and contrasted the pale and anxious look which he had

acquired in the delusive pursuit of mercantile prosperity, with the remembrance of his blithe and blooming boyhood. His mind also dwelt on the frank generosity with which Ruart had in that gay spring of life been distinguished; and he was grieved to think that with a disposition open as day to assist others, he was reduced to the situation of becoming almost literally an object of charity; and while the pang of this reflection shot thrillingly across his bosom, he turned over in his mind a thousand schemes for repairing the ruined fortunes of his friend.

Ruart sat beside him in the carriage wholly absorbed in the contemplation of his mother and his sister's situation. He had resolved not to inform them of what had happened, until he had consulted Macdonald; and bankruptcy being now determined, he was reflecting in what manner he should best acquaint them with his irretrievable ruin, in order that the blow might fall as lightly as possible. But in this he was anticipated;

one of those officious and kind gentlewomen who take a delight in ascertaining, for the benefit of the public, the extent of their neighbours misfortunes, and in what manner they endure them, had that day heard of Ruart's failure, and lost no time in going to offer her sympathy to his mother.

This condolence was a thunder-clap to Mrs. Ruart, but her self-possession enabled her to listen to it with so much equanimity, that her officious visitor was at once overawed and rebuked. Fortunately Flora at the time was not in the room, so that, after the departure of the meddling guest, the distressed mother had some time to prepare herself for communicating the afflicting tidings in a more guarded manner to her gentle and beautiful child—and we shall draw a veil over the scene that ensued.

Glenfell, on reaching Glasgow, wished to have stopped at an hotel, but Ruart, unsuspicious of the disclosure that had

taken place, insisted on his going home with him.

Mrs. Ruart had expected her son by the coach, and as he did not arrive at the usual time, she concluded he had been detained longer in Edinburgh than he expected, so that when she heard the chaise stop, and his knock at the door, she hastily rose from her bed, to which she had just retired for the night, and without much attention to her dress, hurriedly put on her clothes, and rushed to meet him.

Mrs. Ruart, as we have already intimated, was, in her youth, singularly beautiful, and her figure was surprisingly noble; there was a full, and yet a pathetic tone in the accents of her voice, that at once commanded and penetrated the heart, when in the slightest degree affected by any emotion of tenderness or sorrow. Glenfell had no other than a boyish recollection of her being a grand tall lady, for even in the humble capacity of a parish minister's

wife, the native majesty of her character, and the superior style of her manners, could neither be concealed nor subdued.

He was standing with Ruart at the fire in the dining-room, looking pensively at the grate, for he was sensibly affected at the sight of the elegance of his friend's house, contrasted as it then was with the bankruptcy of his prospects; and he did not hear Mrs. Ruart enter the room till he was struck to the heart with the accent in which she said to her son, "O Charles, what is this!" In the same moment she perceived the stranger, and an awful self-command thrust down, as it were by a stupendous effort of the will, the rising passion of maternal grief.

Glenfell had turned round. She was standing in the distant obscurity of the apartment, which was only lighted by the fire, the servant, after admitting the travellers, having gone for candles. Her stately and august form was folded in a

loose crimson wrapper, and round her aching head she had tied a white handkerchief which had been unfurled by her haste, and the ends of it fell loose with her long grey tresses, in a wild and dishevelled state over the crimson.

Her appearance affected Glenfell almost as much as her voice. His imagination had never formed any thing at once so noble and ruined. She stood before him like the embodied genius of fallen greatness, and the solemnity of her approach towards him was felt as if she came to rebuke him for having profanely looked upon her sacred feelings. She took him at first for Bencloo, and was advancing to thank him for his kindness, but the servant entering at the same moment with lights, she discovered that he was a stranger whom she did not recollect. Ruart, when he saw his mother enter, perceived that she had heard of his misfortune, and overwhelmed by his

feelings, flung himself on a sopha and burst into tears.

Glenfell was unable to articulate a word.

The servant scarcely less affected, placed the candles on the table, and retired with a soft and fearful step, as if he was treading in the room of sickness and death.

Mrs. Ruart had recoiled with a degree of alarm on first discovering her mistake, but in an instant, after regaining her wonted presence of mind, she said to Glenfell, "Sir, you are doubtless acquainted with the ruin of my son. This is our first meeting since I have known it, and you cannot be surprised at our agitation. O Charles!" she exclaimed, "why did you not tell me yourself? But I know your motive —let not misfortune sink you to any unmanly sorrow. I hear your sister's voice on the stairs---she will be with us presently, rise and be yourself. The darkest hour is before the break of day,

and what has happened to you has befallen many as good men, and in far other circumstances---you have no wife ---no children involved in this calamity."

She was interrupted by the entrance of Flora. Glenfell, whose whole spirit was during this short scene sublimed to a state of quivering sensibility, was so affected at "the visionary beauty of this lovely creature, that he could no longer master himself, but hastily rushed from the room, and quitted the house.

Quite overcome by his feelings, he walked in the streets till he felt himself so far recovered as to be able to seek admission at one of the hotels without being subject to observation: but his bed afforded him no rest. What Bencloo anticipated had taken effect; the extraordinary beauty of Flora; her apparitional appearance; and the circumstances in which she had been seen, left an image in the mind of Glenfell, associated with so many high feelings, that he wrought himself into the

poetry and fond enthusiasm of the lover's state, while he thought himself laudably engaged in considering how he could preserve the shattered majesty of Mrs. Ruart from a fall, and the stranded fortunes of her son from total wreck.

CHAP. XVI.

"And some believed him mad."

Amongst the other signs of the degeneracy of the present age, we fear that a lamentable decay in the fervour of the lover's passion must be reckoned; for, although smitten to the heart by the beauty of Flora, and still more by the touching pathos of her large and full blue eyes, we are obliged to confess that, after an hour or two of restless extasy, our hero fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable oblivion to all love, friendship, and other temporal cares, till near nine o'clock next morning. No doubt his journey from Edinburgh, a distance of forty-four miles, helped to reduce him into this unlover-like condition; but had he travelled twice as far, and been twice as much agitated, he might per-

haps have been more inclined to toss his bed-clothes, breathing his sighs into the ear of night, like a true faithful swain of some long departed age; for in that case he would in all probability have been irritated into wakefulness by some febrile affection. However, not to expend our wit and ingenuity, we will resume our narrative, by informing the reader, that Glenfell, having dressed himself, hastened to Ruart's house, for the purpose of decorating a little before breakfast, his portmanteau and all personal et ceteras being there.

He was met at the door by Ruart himself, who chided him, in a kindly voice, for having so abruptly left the house the preceding night. Glenfell made but an awkward apology, for, at the same moment, Ruart's mother came into the dining-room, into which he had been conducted, followed by Flora The dignity of the old lady was rendered somewhat solemn by her grief; and the loveliness of Flora, without being at all

shaded, seemed to have acquired an indescribable charm, of which melancholy was the chief ingredient, and the effect a pensive benignity that was more affecting than either sorrow or beauty.

Glenfell was too much interested by the sight to recollect that he had intended to dress himself to advantage before breakfast, and the servant entering with the tea-urn at this juncture, he sat down to table without speaking.

Mrs. Ruart attributing his embarrassment to the situation of the family, exerted herself to entertain him, but he paid no attention to what she said. Flora could not help wondering in her own mind at the strangeness of his conduct: even Ruart, who was not unacquainted with his character, was at a loss what to do with him. In a word, Glenfell, by his abstraction, drew off much more effectually the minds of his friends from the anxiety of their own unfortunate state than if he had exerted all his powers of pleasing—powers

which, when he chose to exert them, were fascinating in no small degree.

He sat some time at table, and partook of the breakfast, rather, as it were, from the force of habit, the articles being placed before him, than as the result of any voluntary action. But at last, forgetting himself entirely, he rose, and lifting his chair to the front of the fire, he sat down, and placing his feet on the fender, leaned back, and abandoned himself to his own meditations.

"What could Bencloo intend," said Ruart to himself, "to trouble me at this time with such a madman."

A gentle smile played on the face of Flora, like a glance of sunshine on the waters, as she looked at Glenfell; and she wished that the interdict to playfulness, which misfortune had then laid upon her, had not prevented her from rousing him from his trance.

Mrs. Ruart was offended, and, after a momentary pause, she also rose from the table, and going to Glenfell, said with a

lofty but serene severity—"Sir, you are acquainted with the circumstances of my son; you are aware how important it is to his interests that he should at this time be master of himself;—why do you add to our troubles by this very extraordinary conduct?"

Glenfell was startled from his reverie, and overawed by her manner, and with an emotion too powerful to be controlled, knelt at her feet, and burst into tears. In a moment, however, he recovered himself from this extravagance, and rising said—"It is your misfortunes, Madam, that transport me out of myself. I came here to attend your son.---I was not prepared to meet so much greatness in distress: so much beauty, to whom it would be profanity in this crisis to---"

His emotion overcame him; he paused, and soon after calmly resumed ---"In one word, Madam, I can think of nothing since I left the house last night, but of averting the calamity with which you are threatened."

Mrs. Ruart looked at him with a sharp and apprehensive eye. Ruart had risen, and walked to the window, where he stood looking into the street, with eyes that shed an abundance of tears, but saw no passing object; and Flora blushed without knowing why, was pleased and yet trembled, and thought that if Glenfell was not in his right mind, as she had begun to suspect, it was a great pity, for he was certainly the finest young man she had ever seen.

Her mother was the first that completely recovered self-possession, and with an easy and tranquillising accent said---"We must not allow ourselves to think of these things in this way---the duty that my son has to perform, is to be done before men who are but little acquainted with his heart; he must not therefore allow his feelings to overcome his fortitude; but if we give way to this kind of romance, he will be unmanned by the sympathy of our

weakness. He is now brought into that state with the world, in which all the reaching arms and endeavours of affection cannot avail to protect him. His own mind is in this juncture his only friend, and our part is to take care, that in the struggle his attention is not drawn towards us, lest his honour be exposed to danger."

Glenfell replaced himself at the table, and Ruart likewise again took his seat.

"I have often thought," continued Mrs. Ruart, "that nothing in human life can be more affecting than the contrast in private, between the condition of an ingenuous youth, going forth from under the maternal wing, to try his fortune in the world, and the state of the same person when after many a bold endeavour to realise the fond anticipations of his early friends, he is, like your old school-fellow there, blasted in his prosperity."

"You are right, madam," exclaimed Glenfell, catching with ardour at the

pathetic idea which her reflection had suggested. "He begins the journey in the first fine morning of the spring; the flowers and the hedges all sparkling with dew, like the hopes in his bosom, and the birds in the air and in the boughs mingle their songs with the encouraging cheers that come blithely from his young companions as he looks behind towards his village home. The warm impression of the recent embrace of affection is yet glowing round his swelling heart, and a thousand generous resolutions to adorn the haunts of his youthful days, and reward the affection of those who so fondly cherished him, form the tide of his feelings; but when he enters upon the scene of business---civility is the substitute that he finds for that household love which was never weary of him in the fretfulness of childhood, nor angry with him but when he harmed himself. His actions are no longer regulated by his feelings, but as they may please others; and in his endea-

vour to please he is often rebuffed as officious; still he presses onward, hopeful that a day will come when his suppressed feelings may be allowed indulgence, and his native character permitted again to show itself. But, when the prospect seems opening, the view is suddenly overcast, and after being buffeted by the tempest, and dishevelled by the shower, he becomes so changed that all doors are shut against him—he stands an outcast, and must account to the stern tribunals of the law, for the woeful change that the storm of misfortune has made in his condition."

This, though a little tinctured with the peculiar conceits of Glenfell, was delivered in a tone of such true and exquisite eloquence, that it would have subdued the most callous audience. Ruart, to whom it was as if his heart had been laid open, was quite overcome. His mother also wept, and Flora looked at Glenfell, but said nothing.

"What have I done?" exclaimed

the young Laird. "I am doomed only to add to your distress; I ought not to have come here; and yet it is with you that I feel myself at last in earnest with what I do. Come Ruart," he added, in a firm and manly voice, "let us get through with your business first, and then I will tell you what I think may be done to repair this wreck of your hopes;" and he cast a look at Flora which told her that what he meditated was not entirely meant for her brother.

After breakfast the gentlemen retired to the counting-house, where the clerks having, in the absence of their master, prepared a statement of Ruart's affairs, a meeting of the creditors was called for an early day. In the meantime it is necessary that we should relate what happened at Edinburgh, where the reader will recollect we left Ardskeen meditating a letter to Mary Darknish and Mrs. Campbell Ardmore on the eve of her grand banquet.

CHAP. XVIII.

"The sun begins to gild the western sky."

ARDSKEEN after beginning at least hal a score of letters, and tearing them before he had finished half a sentence, at last wrote the following brief epistle, and despatched it by his servant, who was requested not to return without an answer:—

"My dear Mary,

Your behaviour distracts me.—In what am I to blame.—Tell me when I can see you—At least afford me this satisfaction."

Miss Campbell was in her own room, at the time the note was delivered to Lady Glenfoik, with the usual intimations that Ardskeen's servant waited for

an answer. Her ladyship did not lack decision; she ordered the taper on the mantlepiece to be lighted, and, with an air of supreme dignity, inclosed the note in a cover, and, having addressed it to Ardskeen, sealed it with sublime composure, and giving it to the servant said, there is an answer.

The footman retired, and Ardskeen's servant hastened home to his master as Mary descended to the parlour.

"I have settled the business," said her ladyship, as Mary entered the room. "The fellow had the impudence to send you a letter, but I have shewn him that we have dropped his correspondence by returning it in a blank cover."

"Was the letter addressed to your ladyship," said Mary with emotion.

"No, he would not dare to address me," exclaimed lady Glenfoik, proud of what she had done.

"Then" replied her niece, "with all the respect that I entertain for your

ladyship, I must say that to take such a liberty with a letter from Mr. Macdonald to me, after the manner in which you have made me act to-day to him, is an injury that I cannot but resent." Although this was expressed with no small degree of heat, it gave lady Glenfoik quite a cold fit, and she enquired somewhat timidly—"Mary, what do you mean?"

"Mean," exclaimed the indignant girl, "I will send for Mr. Macdonald instantly, and come to an explanation with him."

"You shall send for no such article to my house," retorted her ladyship, recovering from her astonishment; "and if I thought you capable of doing such a mad act, I would send you to Bedlam this very night."

Mary burst into tears, and wept aloud with vexation.

"The blood of your family is changed in your veins," said her ladyship, "or you would not thus condescend to weep

for a fellow that has insulted you in this manner."

"He has not insulted me," exclaimed the poor girl, "nor do I weep for him, but for my own folly. Madam, I will rather quit your house this instant, than continue another hour this silly victim to some trifling inadvertency."

"And where will you go?" inquired her Ladyship coolly. Mary was more prepared than Lady Glenfoik expected, for she had reflected on the alternative in her own room; accordingly she answered to my cousin Mary Ardmore.

"What to your rival!" cried her Ladyship in a shriek.

"She is not my rival," replied her niece. "It is all a misconception---I know it is."

"How do you know it?" said Lady Glenfoik. "Mary Campbell Darknish, at your peril, I charge you."

At this instant the street-door bell was pulled with tremendous vehemence, Mary dried up her tears, and Lady

Glenfoik, in the apprehension of no less a personage than the dreaded Ardskeen, raised herself into an attitude of solemn dignity in her arm chair to receive him.

In a moment after, the footman came into the room, and said, that Glenfell's servant had come in quest of the letter and book which had been received by mistake in the morning, for that they were intended for Miss Campbell Ardmore.

Lady Glenfoik was petrified, and it was not until after the servant had repeated the same tidings to her niece, that she could either see or speak. Her first words were, "Mary, you have been very foolish to take this accident so much to heart---it has been all a mistake. There is the book, and here is the letter," said she, taking the one from the table, and the other from her writing-desk, which always stood at her elbow, and giving them to the servant, who immediately retired. "Really,

Mary, I am surprised to see you---had you been calm and collected like me, none of this uneasiness would have so afflicted you."

Mary was scarcely more affected by the light that was thrown on the mystery of the morning, than surprised at the dexterity with which her aunt exculpated herself, she however only said, "But what is now to be done."

"We'll just send for Ardskeen at once;" and he was sent for with all possible expedition accordingly; but before the footman reached his lodgings he had received the returned letter, and in a fit of extreme indignation had rushed into the street, and the Glasgow coach happening at the same time to be on the point of setting off, he threw himself into it, and was borne away along Prince's-street before Lady Glenfoik's footman, panting and breathless with ascending the steep from Queen-street, had reached St. Andrew's-square with her message. Thus had the chain

of occult destiny, by that series of links which brought the groom and valet, as if by chance, together in the presence of Saunders, M'Ghee, the caddy, drawn Ardskeen and Glenfell, on the same night, by circumstances seemingly the most unconnected, to Glasgow.

CHAP. XIX.

"Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboards;
" look to the plate."—

Few ladies, who actively superintend their domestic affairs, knew better than Mrs. Campbell Ardmore how many blue beans it takes to make five; but the integrity that belongs to the character of an historian obliges the truth to be told, and, with all the partiality which we cherish for that worthy lady, we are forced to confess that she could not calculate with equal precision the quantity of genteel dinner requisite for seventeen adult persons, a girl entering her teens, and a boy turned of ten years,—the expected guests at her grand banquet. Perhaps a genius more strictly mathematical might even in this matter have found some difficulty; be this, however, as it may, whatever might be said of the

frugality of Mrs. Campbell's table in general, it must be acknowledged that on the great occasions of the fall and Spring banquets, she erred always on the safe side, and

"The table groaned with costly piles of food."

The only thing inapplicable in this beautiful quotation, is the term costly, for although the viands of Mrs. Campbell consisted of varieties certainly valuable, the chief cost of them was a few hints from Miss Mary; a price that particular readers, considering the end in view, might think sufficiently great; but if they knew the character of that economical damsel, they would not be surprised at the liberality with which she dispensed her hints and suggestions, to procure materials for her mother's feasts.

From these observations it has probably been already inferred that the superabundance of Mrs. Campbell's dinners was not owing so much to her hospitality

as to her insufficient knowledge of the culinary arithmetic; and yet a very different opinion was currently repeated by all her guests, and her house was regarded as the Iona of Highland hospitality in Edinburgh. The only place when lost and neglected everywhere else, it found shelter, and where she, as St. Columbus did to learning, fostered and preserved it for the delight and comfort of mankind.

On the morning of the great day of Mrs. Campbell, that day which so many circumstances combined to render important, and which was not only an æra in time but a point of confluence where many destinies met and mingled, a single knock was heard at the stair-head door before the sun had given the slightest intimation of any intention to get up. The wakeful ears of Mrs. Campbell alone heard the sound, and soon obedient to her summons, the maid, the lassie, and Miss Mary were a-foot, and the untimely visitor admitted.

This visitor was no less a personage than tasty Jenny, who having in her younger years acquired some knowledge of cookery, was occasionally hired to assist in the savoury mysteries of festal rites. As soon as she entered, the kitchen-fire was stirred up. The grate had on the preceding evening been most thoroughly cleared of all the substratum of ashes with which the economical housewives of Scotland contract their kitchen-fires. A large boiler of water was placed to warm, and dishes with all the various apparatus of the table which had not been made use of since the Spring festival, were mustered to be cleaned.

Mrs. Campbell had not rested satisfied with her own stock of utensils, et cetera, but had collected a miscellaneous assemblage of knives and forks, spoons, jelly-glasses, two pair of extra salt-cellars, candlesticks, and wine decanters; above all, she had borrowed from Mrs. Bellwhidder, the lady of the sleeping partner in the Review connexion, a

silver waiter, which she had brought herself under her cloke. The waiter had been a gift to the modest divine on his marriage, from a pious dowager, and bearing her ladyship's arms fully blazoned, it was so grand a looking thing in the opinion of Mrs. Campbell, that it is hard to say if she did not infringe the tenth commandment whenever the idea of it happened to cross her mind. This gorgeous article being but seldom used, was along with the rest of the plate consigned to the fair hands of Miss Mary, and under their purifying influence it attained the utmost pitch of dazzling brightness. But without entering upon minute details, suffice it to say, that before eight o'clock in the morning, all the congregated vessels and implements of festivity were fitted for use, and appropriately disposed of to meet the impending exigencies of the banquet.

Soon after eight o'clock a hasty breakfast was despatched, and Mrs. Campbell

sallied forth to purchase fish. This was almost the only article, except vegetables, which it was necessary to buy. On her return home she was delighted to find that nobody had been idle during her absence. She immediately put out for use her largest and best damask table-cloth, and the fire was laid in the dining-room ready to be lighted; the maid was summoned to assist her mistress in placing the tables, while tasty Jenny and Miss Mary were busily ornamenting the jellies and other light and cold confections, which address themselves more to the eye than the appetite, and the lassie was despatched to the baker's for rolls Considering how much was to be done, it was a great pity the maid had not the sense to bring them, when she was there with the puddings and pies.

The table being laid, and the cloth spread, it was discovered, that by no possible arrangement it could be made to receive the expected number of

guests. But this perplexity the alert and inventive genius of Mrs. Campbell readily remedied; she found that by removing one of the semicircular ends, and adding the common turnover to the middle piece, sufficient room would be obtained. The turnover was a little narrower than the dining-table; but, as she observed, folks need not strain at gnats when they are swallowing camels ---it was accordingly placed as she directed.

When the table was covered and adorned; for the domestic establishment of Mrs. Campbell did not allow of two courses, but only of removes, it was time to put the meat to the fire, to set the drawing-room in order---and Miss Mary having finished her part in the preparations, undertook to put the candles in the candlesticks. Her mother wished that she had cut handsome papers for the sockets, but the young lady assured her that no such things were now used at Inverary Castle;

the candles were therefore set unadorned, which Mrs. Campbell declared might be vastly genteel, but for her part there was something in the cut papers that looked like an occasion.

Miss Mary then retired to dress, in order that the hectic of her culinary labours might be abated before the arrival of the guests. But her mother had yet a world to do---she had to see that the things were not spoiled in the kitchen, and that nothing was forgotten, which she continued to do till the last moment. Indeed, a thundering knock at the door announced some of the guests, while she was in the very act of blowing at the ladle to taste the soup; and had it not been for the instructions which the lassie had received respecting her attention to the summons of the knocker, that able and active gentlewoman might have been caught in the fact.

CHAP. XX.

"Pudding he and tart that day shall eat."

WHERE much is to be performed, something will be neglected. The fire in Mrs. Campbell's drawing-room had not kindled so alertly as it ought to have done, and, strange to tell, although the chimney had been swept but the week before, and not a fire had been in it since, the smoke did not ascend with its wonted propriety; this rendered it necessary to open one of the windows, which the maid having omitted to shut before the guests assembled, the air of the room was as raw and inhospitable as the atmosphere of our old parish church.

The first guests had not long arrived when Miss Mary made her appearance, dressed, it must be allowed, not altogether without genteelity; but the pre-

vious tasks in which she had been all the morning engaged, had left something about her complexion not quite satisfactory even to herself—so much is it the nature of drudging toils to beget an ignoble mien,

Half the company were come, and Mrs. Campbell had not yet entered--- they were seated round the fire, and not yet comfortable. In the meantime the good lady had dressed herself, and gone into the kitchen merely to inquire if all was going right. This was a fortunate visitation, for on inquiring if the ketchup had been put into the cruet, it was discovered that this important essential had been entirely omitted, and that the bottle still stood in the closet next the fire in the drawing-room. The maid, who by this time had acquired a complexion equal to that of the grate, whose arms were besmeared with smut, and whose garb in many particulars as perfectly announced her vocation as the mantle does the herald, was there-

fore sent to bring the bottle. Before she could obtain access to the closet, she was obliged to raise three ladies and four gentlemen from their seats to make way for her, and when she had carried the bottle to the kitchen, her mistress discovered that the stupid creature had forgotten to bring away the key. Indeed, Mrs. Campbell did not think this so much attributable to negligence as design, for the closet contained several case-bottles of whiskey, and who knows what might have been done to them, while the company were enjoying the pleasures of the table in the dining-room---so that scarcely were the guests again seated, till they were again disturbed by the maid for the key.

Mrs. Campbell, in her way from the kitchen to the drawing-room, took a look at the table to see if all was safe, when to her horror and consternation she beheld the nefarious cat in total contempt of her honour and renown,

maliciously nuzzling the whipt-cream that ornamented the middle of the table. But the damage was happily averted in time, and the cat having scampered off like a detected thief as she was, Mrs. Campbell shut the door, and entered the drawing-room where her guests were by this time nearly all assembled,

When her smirking salutations and welcomings were duly performed, she took her place at some distance from the fire, being in no need of artificial heat, and, stroking down her dress, endeavoured to look, in spite of her complexion, as cool as the Duchess of Argyle herself. But in the midst of this affected indifference a terrible crash was heard in the passage, and she ran to the door, and, looking out, exclaimed ---" O! the abominable cat has tripped the woman with a plate of custards, just as she was going into the dining-room, and she has let them fall on the floor---such an obloquy to my carpet!"

"It is but an accident," said Miss Mary, calmly; "do not let it disturb the company:" and Mrs. Campbell resumed her seat evidently under the influence of a vigorous determination to appear quite indifferent to the impression of so great a misfortune.

In the meantime the maid who had so much to do, and so many errands to run, had at last found an interval to dress herself; and soon after the fall of the custards she was in a condition not only to inform the company that dinner was on the table, but prepared with the assistance of the lassie to wait on the company. Jooker, by order of his master, was also in attendance.

We shall not follow the guests of Mrs. Campbell to the hospitable board, but allow them to indulge unmolested, according to their several tastes, in the various masses of congregated luxury which had been prepared with such indefatigable labour and attention for their entertainment. Nor shall we

enumerate or describe the guests, the greater number of whom being unknown to our readers, although among them were some of the most distinguished public characters of Edinburgh---persons who, in the opinion of their fellow-citizens, equalled in the different modifications of talent and acquirement, the most illustrious, of any age or country. It is, however, necessary to explain in what manner it happens that individuals so extraordinary are so little known out of the circles of the intellectual city, while they are so strenuously celebrated within its romantic bounds.

In the first place, there is the invidia of cotemporary rivals, and national as well as local prejudices, all co-operating to detract from their merits. The poets, the orators, and the lawyers, cf the flat Bœtian region of the dull and muddy Thames, being under the influence of the envious spirit of conscious inferiority, make a point of rarely

noticing the pre-eminent endowments of the northern Athenians; and when they do quote their verses or opinions, thay always select such as are only remarkable for their conceit or mediocrity, disguising the malice of this insidious detraction by exorbitant epithets of admiration. But their cruel applause is as nothing compared with the effect of national and local prejudice. The whole English people, the Irish, and all Europe, are chagrined at the superiority of the wise and learned of Edinburgh; yea, every other town that participates in the intellectualising keenness of the Scottish air, turns the sharpness of its wits against the pretensions of the provincial capital.

If such obstacles are opposed to the exterior celebrity of Edinburgh genius, an ample indemnity is provided, for the mortification, within the circles of the romantic town, These narrow circles of the different orders of society, may be compared to those maps which illus-

trate the plurality of worlds, wherein we see different systems linked together by the long eliptical orbits of unappropriated wandering stars of singular and transient splendour.---What these stars are in the universe, the Edinburgh men of genius are in the spheres of Edinburgh; they are found glittering and decorating, not only where with heavenly harmony the feast of reason and the flow of soul is dispensed, but even where Mrs. Campbell and her daughter---the earth and moon of the system, hold their diurnal course. To descend, however, from these astronomical heights, the plain fact is, that the highest public characters of Edinburgh are possessed of an agreeable affability, which induces them to accept of invitations to the show dinners of all their various degrees of acquaintance, by which they respectively acquire a numerous host of partizans to buy their books and speak their praise, constituting a species of

literary federalism that exists no where else. Owing to this circumstance the table of Mrs. Campbell Ardmore, at her equinoctial banquets, was adorned with some of the most renowned personages connected with the legal or literary circles of the city; and on the occasion we have described, it was more than usually so honoured. Not because the authors had poems or novels in the press, or because the lawyers were engaged in causes which they expected would attract attention, but solely on account of their own innate affability, as well as natural predeliction for good eating.

CHAP. XXI.

"Why, such is Love's transgression."

While the guests of Mrs. Campbell were enjoying the rich accumulations of her table, Glenfell was drinking deeply of love's delicious draught at Glasgow, but not without some taste also of the bitter that is sometimes found mingled in the cup. Ardskeen was related to Mrs. Ruart, and on the morning after his precipitate arrival in the city of Cotton Mills and Steam Engines he called to see her. He was not acquainted with the situation of her son's affairs, and heard with much sorrow the blight that had fallen upon them. While they were conversing on the subject, Flora entered the room, and her extraordinary beauty, the pensive cast which misfortune had given to her

countenance, and the stinging recollections of the apparent caprice of his betrothed Mary, all combined to make him look on her with more than usual interest. In a word, on leaving the house, he determined that he would think no more of Mary, but at once declare himself the lover of Flora.

But this determination was not formed in a very calm and settled state of mind, and it soon gave place to another, in which he resolved to demand an explanation from Mary, and if it was not satisfactory then to make a declaration of his wishes to Flora

Before he had however reached the hotel where he lodged, his fancy had taken another turn, and he thought it would be as well at least for a day to allow the fickle fair to remain in ignorance of the effect of her inexplicable inconstancy. While this resolution was floating in his mind, he fell in with Ruart and Glenfell returning from the Counting-house where they had been

during the greater part of the day, and on being introduced to Glenfell by the former he requested them both to dine with them, for he had been informed by Mrs. Ruart of the friendly part which Glenfell was acting on this occasion, and he was desirous of becoming acquainted with a gentleman to whom his relations were so greatly obliged. Glenfell would rather have shared the fare of Flora, but Ruart accepted the invitation at once, and prevented him from declining it. It was however necessary that he should repair his phisiognomy by getting rid of that excrescence of nightly growth which he had neglected in the morning, and for this purpose, leaving Ruart and Ardskeen in the street, he walked to Ruart's house, where his portmanteau and the necessary implements as we have already mentioned were left the preceding night. On reaching the door, he met Mrs. Ruart going abroad on some domestic business, and although he

could not but compassionate the dejected dignity of her appearance, he experienced a very lively thrill of delight, when she told him that he would find Flora alone in the parlour.

The young lady herself, not being in expectation at that time of any visitor, had availed herself of her mother's intention of going out, to perform a little task of duty, which the altered state of her brother's circumstances had imposed. This was no other than to arrange, in a casket, for the purpose of being sent to her mother's friend, the dress-maker, in London, for sale, a gold-watch and several little jewels and ornamental trinkets, which she had received from her brother in his happier days. Immediately on ascertaining the extent of his misfortunes she had agreed with her mother, that they should lose no time in preparing to retire again into that sequestered way of life, which they had unfortunately been induced to forsake: and ornaments of the kind which

lay scattered on the table before her, were unsuitable to that village simplicity which she had resolved so speedily to resume. We must not, however, ascribe her determination to dispose of the trinkets entirely to this feeling of modest pride—for a finer sentiment ennobled the sacrifice. She regarded the gifts of fraternal affection, as rendered by the inability of her brother to pay his debts, the property of his creditors, and the money expected from the sale, she was resolved should be added to his effects. She could not muster courage enough to deliver the trinkets themselves back to him, to be disposed of along with his other property, and the same delicacy of feeling would not allow her to offer them for sale to the jewellers from whom they had been probably purchased.

In the performance of her intention, Flora unquestionably enjoyed the glow of honourable satisfaction, but regret and painful feelings so thickened upon

her, that when Glenfell entered the room she was overwhelmed with emotion, and drowned in tears. With his usual quickness, he at once guessed the cause of her grief, and the motives by which she was actuated; for he saw a letter in the box in which some of the articles were already deposited, and he instantly concluded that they were destined to be sent to some distance for sale. But this intuitive knowledge, instead of teaching him the propriety of retiring, only whetted his curiosity to know more, and the same inflexion of the mind which determined him to become the purchaser of the trinkets, made him eager to know the address of the person whom he conjectured was to be entrusted with the sale. The attention of any man would have been absorbed by the sight of the beautiful Flora in distress, but it was the nature of our ingenuous hero constantly to overlook the present; and his imagina-

tion at the moment was associated with the delightful image of restoring to Flora, in some happy hour, when she least expected it, these beloved tokens of her brother's affection, with which she was so reluctant and afflicted to part. There was joy in the conception of this image, and it brightened the heart and the countenance of Glenfell. With a total oblivion of all propriety, forgetting that he had neither declared his devotion to Flora, nor knew if his addresses would be acceptable, he ran towards her before she had time to recover from the confusion which his entrance had occasioned, and with the fond familiarity of a full-accepted bridegroom, took her in his arms, and imprinted her cheek with kisses.

The astonished beauty burst from his embrace with a look of appalling indignation, that at once dissolved all the enchantment of fancy by which he had been so betrayed, and humiliated him

with a sudden conviction of the violation of decorum, which he had so strangely committed. Before he had time to recover himself Flora gathered the trinkets into her lap and hastily quitted the room.

CHAP. XXII.

"All broken implements of a ruin'd house."

IN the meantime it was known among the creditors of Ruart, that he had returned from Edinburgh with the young and wealthy Laird of Glenfell, who had examined his books, and that his relation, the still more opulent Macdonald, of Ardskeen, had also come to condole with him in his misfortunes; which left them no reason to doubt that Ruart would speedily be enabled, by their assistance, to resume his payments and satisfactorily arrange all the claims on his estate. The immediate effect of this was a very consolatory disposition towards Ruart, even from those from whom he had most reason to apprehend severity; and he was strongly urged, by one after another, to recom-

mence his business; some of them went so far as to offer him temporary aid for this purpose. All this tended greatly to keep up his spirits, and to cherish that confidence in his own integrity which was necessary to sustain him through the arduous duty of explaining in public to his creditors the cause of his bankruptcy.

But cheering as this treatment was, it could not disguise from him the true state of his affairs, the irrecoverable ruin of which confirmed him in his determination to abandon commercial pursuits for ever; he, therefore, adhered to the advice which Bencloo gave him, and sent out the summons for his creditors to meet.

At dinner, however, when he joined Glenfell and Ardskeen, he was in better spirits than usual, and attributing the absence of mind which he observed in both his friends, to the interest which they took in his situation, he exerted himself to convince them that he was not so much cast down by what had hap-

pened, as he imagined them to suppose. But in this persuasion he was not more fortunate than some of the other parties in our piece were in theirs; for the abstraction of Glenfell was owing to his reflections on the offence he had given to Flora, and that of Ardskeen to the indecision under which he laboured with respect to the niece of Lady Glenfoik, for whom his affection began to revive with augmented ardour, whenever he allowed himself to think that the mystery of her conduct might proceed from some misunderstanding which he ought to have more patiently endeavoured to ascertain.

It is, therefore, needless to say, that Ruart, after vainly exerting himself to dissipate a silent solemnity, of which he had not the most distant idea of the true cause, sunk also into himself, and meditated on his own peculiar circumstances. After several unsocial transits of the bottle, Ardskeen suddenly proposed that they should adjourn to Ruart's

house, and take tea with his mother and sister. This proposition, in itself so natural, rung like a peal of terror in the ears of the unfortunate Glenfell; for it was seemingly at once the summons to trial for the outrage he had committed, and a more dreadful indication of some particular interest which Ardskeen took in Flora. But he had no choice; nor in fact did he make any attempt to decline the proposal, but accompanied his companions, as it were, with the involuntary acquiescence of instinct.

Flora, although extremely indignant at the rude treatment of Glenfell, was yet so far acquainted with his character, and had seen enough of the eccentricity of his manner, as not to feel inwardly offended against him. On the contrary, she thought him a fine, but odd sort of a young man, and in the midst of her sorrows could scarcely reflect, without a smile, on the extravagance of his behaviour, which, upon reflection, she justly attributed to his having found her

in tears. She, therefore, made no complaint of what had passed to her brother, but resolved to act with coldness and ceremony towards the delinquent.

Accordingly, when the gentlemen arrived, she received Ardskeen with the wonted warmth of her disposition; and early acquaintance, as well as relationship, gave an unusual degree of frankness and familiarity to her manner in addressing him; while to Glenfell she deported herself with all the dignity of distance which she was capable of assuming, and awed him into a trembling dread of her displeasure, whenever he ventured to lift his lowly downcast eyes towards her.

Tea did not go off more cheerfully than dinner; all but Mrs. Ruart endeavoured to appear differently from what they felt; she alone sustained with due propriety the august part of her maternal grief. As soon as the table was cleared and the servant had retired, she said, with a degree of emotion that

was the more affecting as being almost repressed, that whatsoever might be the result of the meeting of the creditors, it was the duty of her son not to lose a day in reducing his expenses to the smallest possible scale. "I happened," said she, "to hear to-day that Mr. Grant, the purchaser of the Kildramalloch property in Invernessshire, has arrived from Canada, and that until he gets his commercial affairs finally closed, he intends to remain in Glasgow, and is desirous of renting a furnished house for some time. This is an advantageous opportunity," she added, "for my son to get rid at once of his entire establishment, and I wish him to make an offer of the house immediately to Mr. Grant."

"When did Mr. Grant arrive?" inquired Ardskeen thoughtfully.

Mrs. Ruart looked at him, and said significantly, "I forgot that he is Miss Campbell's uncle. He has come in time," she added, with a smile, meaning in time for the marriage.

Ardskeen repeated the question somewhat earnestly

"Two days ago," replied Ruart; "and he has returned with one of the largest fortunes that has yet been brought to this country from America."

Ardskeen sighed, and seemed inwardly contending with a burst of feeling that he with difficulty was able to controul.

At this point of the conversation Flora observed, it was a fortunate circumstance for her brother, that she and her mother could at an hour's notice be ready to remove. "We have already began to prepare."

"And where do you intend to go?" inquired Glenfell, without venturing to look up. The tone in which this was said, and the humble air with which the speaker seemed affected struck all present. Flora was the first who broke the pause that ensued, and that in a manner which surprised both her mother and Ruart; as for Ardskeen, he had fallen into a deep dejected cogitation,

and observed but little of what was passing. Her voice had a clear ring of gaiety in its sound, unsuitable as it seemed to the occasion; but her reply to Glenfell was, "Where we shall be safe, if not from misfortune at least from violence." These simple words contained, as he thought, the doom of his hopes: conscious error magnified their import, and gave to the sportive accent in which they were uttered, the acute and piercing emphasis of scorn.

Ruart's mind was too well constituted to hesitate for a moment in adopting his mother's advice, and with his habitual alacrity of character he rose, and said he would go immediately and offer his house to Mr. Grant. Flora at the same moment also rose, and requesting him to stop, ran lightly to her own room, and returned with a small box carefully packed and sealed, which the sharp eyes of Glenfell recognised as probably containing the casket which he had disturbed her in packing. "I wish," said

she, in giving it to her brother, "that you would take it to the London coach for me. I have written by post that it is coming."

Ruart took the box in his hand, and Glenfell, actuated by a strange wish to get possession of it, bade Mrs. Ruart good night, and without noticing Flora, in words, accompanied him, leaving Ardskeen behind.

As soon as they got to the street, Glenfell said that he would take charge of the box for London, while Ruart went in quest of Mr. Grant. This was done in perfect sincerity, his motive being to see the address of the person for whom it was intended, in order that he might explain his desire to become the purchaser of the contents. But when he had thus obtained possession of the casket, he began to think, what was very true, that in so long a journey as to London it was liable to meet with accidents, and might even be lost, and that the best way, perhaps, to acquire

the jewels, was to retain them, and negociate with full hands.

We shall not discuss very strictly the morality of a lover's conscience in a matter of this sort,—suffice it for the present to say, that Glenfell, instead of carrying the casket to the coach-office, took it to the hotel where he lodged, and wrote to Mrs. Trimmings, the dress-maker, for whom it was intended, the following very proper and satisfactory epistle :—

"Madam,

"By the coach to-night from this city you were to have received from Miss Flora Ruart a box, containing several valuable articles, which circumstances have rendered it expedient for me to retain. I am ready to account to you for the full value of them as soon as possible, upon the simple condition that you will not divulge that they have been taken possession of in this manner by me."

Perfectly well pleased with the perspicuity of this explanation of a transaction which in any case might have been mistaken for a fraud, but in the situation of Ruart's affairs could scarcely fail of being considered as the act of some interposing creditor, he despatched the letter to the post-office and deposited the casket in a place of safety. In the meantime, the unhappy Ardskeen had also bade Flora and her mother good night, and having no other acquaintance in Glasgow, he came in quest of Glenfell, whom he found in the full enjoyment of that self-complacency which, such a notable instance of address as this, was calculated to produce in a mind that acted with so little regard at any time to consequences.

CHAP. XXIII.

"Alack! poor swain."

GLENFELL although but so recently introduced to Ardskeen was well acquainted with his approaching nuptials with the niece of Lady Glenfoik; but, when the doubting lover entered the room, he was in a humour of self-content that disqualified him for giving the slightest serious attention to any subject, far less a love-quarrel; accordingly when Ardskeen said, (after he had seated himself) somewhat ruefully, "Short, Sir, as our acquaintance has been, enough has occurred to convince me that you are a man of honour, and that I may safely consult you in a matter which deeply concerns my happiness. Glenfell felt all his cabbaging predilections revive, and he replied with an affectation of profound gravity.

"I perceive that something has occurred to darken the prospect of your felicity."

"True," said Ardskeen, "I was on the point of marriage with a young lady in every way most worthy of my affection."

"But you have since observed a change in the behaviour of the lady?" answered Glenfell inquiringly.

"I own it with sorrow," said the disconsolate lover.

"I never heard of such wanton cruelty in all my life!" exclaimed Glenfell, affecting a tone of vehement condolence; "Your hopes all blasted; the bond of love broken; the sunshine of life overcast; the spring of youth withered. But, Sir, can you accuse yourself with no fault, no aberration of juvenile hilarity that may have given offence."

"None," was the dolorous reply of the drooping swain.

"Very extraordinary," cried his sym-

pathising counsellor, "you are then quite sure that no blame whatever can attach to you?"

"Perfectly," said Ardskeen.

"In that case," observed Glenfell, in a prudential business-like manner, "the dishonour of the breach does not fall on you, and therefore we must turn our attention to the conduct of the other party; and, if possible, ascertain by the consideration of circumstances, whether any thing has happened in that quarter to affect the interests of the lady, so as to induce that apostacy of affection of which you so justly complain."

"I know of nothing that possibly could have had any influence on her except the arrival of her uncle, that Mr. Grant who is arrived from Canada," said Macdonald earnestly.

"Ah, and he is rich!" exclaimed Glenfell. "He is so reputed," answered the lover. "The arrival of her uncle---a man of large fortune," said

Glenfell shrewdly, "that, Sir, is a most serious consideration; has the lady, independent of this rich uncle, any fortune of her own?"

"Not considerable----fortune with me," said Macdonald sorrowfully, "was no object."

"I believe it," exclaimed Glenfell, "on your part all was love, feeling, and honour. Excuse my freedom, Sir, but I think I ought rather to congratulate you on having escaped from a mercenary woman, than to sympathise with your grief. Women, Sir, as we see every day, act in such a manner, that the man who founds his hopes of happiness on their constancy, is like him who builds upon sand. The world is full of examples of beauty submitting to be bound in golden chains by deformity, and of paralytic age, leading virgin youth into the most deplorable captivity."

Glenfell thought he had said this in his best manner, and Macdonald answered, much affected:---

"True, Sir, but I cannot think so meanly of the woman whom I still hope to call my wife. Besides, she knew her uncle's fortune before, and she is not his only heir."

"But," cried Glenfell, with an affectation of moral warmth, "he may have determined that she shall be his only heir, and have so informed her since his arrival; and may not she, Sir, have thought, in consequence, that if with comparatively humble prospects she succeeded in riveting the love of a gentleman of your figure and condition, she might, with the addition of her uncle's fortune, hope for a still greater match?"

"I do not think she is such a calculator," observed Macdonald gravely.

"And yet," said Glenfell, "you think her a woman of understanding. Now, my dear Sir, you have surely had experience enough of the world to know, that what is called understanding is commonly but a short phrase for

saying, that the person who possesses it, is one who has all wishes, passions, and affections, in due subordination to the reason; and what greater proof in a worldly sense could you desire of the understanding of this faithless woman, than that with the assurance of her uncle's great fortune she should controul those wishes, subdue that passion which you had inspired, and entirely overwhelm that affection which unfortunately for your peace of mind you had too fondly thought was all your own."

Ardskeen was not quite convinced of the justness of this reason, but it had the effect of adding to his vexation, and he bade Glenfell good night, and quitted the room to hide his agitation.

"What a delightful *cabbage* it is," said Glenfell to himself, amused with what had passed. In the same instant, the idea crossed his mind, that poor Ardskeen might really have some cause for vexation and distress, and this thought

had not only the effect of instantly checking the self-gratulation in which he was indulging, but to give him serious uneasiness and pain. One mouth of that seven-headed beast conscience opened---all the other heads were roused, and began to hiss in such a manner, that he was quite confounded; for ever and anon there was one that spoke unutterable things about the casket, till he wished it twenty times at the bottom of the sea, and finally resolved to send it forward to its original destination. But the folly he had committed in ever thinking of keeping it was irremediable, for his letter was sent to the post-office, for which he might as effectually have called spirits from the vasty deep, as have tried to obtain it from the inexorable post-master.

CHAP. XXIV.

"Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process,
And of the cannibals that each other eat;
And anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Mr. Grant, the uncle of Mary Campbell Darknish, and in quest of whom, Ruart had gone to make him an offer of his house, was like every Highlander, a gentleman by birth and descent. History, however, in recording the valiant deeds of a long line of heroic ancestors, had not occasion to state, that the glory of ages which was concentrated round his cradle, in the decayed hall of his fathers, was accompanied with the substantial fuel of ample herds and spacious domains, without which all its splendour is but a lambent flame, like the cold

pale light which plays in the dark, around the lifeless victims of piscatorial stratagems.

Grant having little other inheritance than an honourable name in the traditions of his country, but anxious in these degenerate days, when matters of political economy are laid in the balance against the renown of thousands slain, to uphold the relative consequences of his family, was easily persuaded, as he approached the years of discretion, to prefer the sordid industry of commercial enterprise, to the bloody bravery of military aggression. Being still however desirous even in the craft of trade, to retain something of the freedom of his mountain ancestors, he determined, in the language of heroic fable, to espouse his fortune. With this intent he embarked for America, and for more than five and thirty years, in the wilds of upper Canada, he pursued a course of life, which though strictly mercantile in its object, was, in its incidents and

varieties, such as even the mighty Fingal might from his throne of clouds have contemplated with satisfaction.

In the vast sylvan wildernesses around the lakes, he had leisure to ruminate apart from the world, and to cherish with the holiness of religious devotion, the early associations of ancestral virtue, the ties of kindred, and the love of country. But he was naturally of a cheerful disposition, and had he mingled more in polished society, would probably have proved a witty and facetious companion. As it was, his solitary recreations, instead of rendering him morose and melancholy, had the effect of only making his fancy a little more extravagant in its flights without weakening his innate acuteness of judgment in affairs of serious business. He was, in consequence, considered by the young officers whom he visited in the remote forts of those Indian countries as a droll and ridiculous character, while he was esteemed by the old and ex-

perienced as a man of profound reflection, singular honour, and undaunted intrepidity.

The opinion which the young entertained of him was owing to his endeavours to make sport of their credulity, by recounting wonderful stories. A better acquaintance with the world would have taught him more moderation, and secured for him the amusement he sought; for the error he committed was in ascribing to the prematurity of modern youth, the simplicity that he had himself enjoyed at the same green period of life.

At the close of the American war, Mr. Grant had taken as his servant a private soldier of the name of Isaac, who was in some respects even a greater original than his master. The genius of the old gentleman lay in embellishing the most whimsical fictions, with an air of probability so complete as almost to persuade his auditors that he believed his own

stories, while the mind of Isaac was of the most single, simple, and, if the expression may be used, literal kind. He was indeed forbidden by nature to comprehend a joke; all fancy was to Isaac falsehood, and yet so implicit was his credulity, that there was scarcely any tale too gross for him to credit. Of his master's stories he had been assured a hundred times, that they were only inventions to raise a laugh, but still he was in constant terror lest those who heard them should think Mr. Grant addicted to that other species of story-telling which requires no broader epithet. The reader may therefore easily conceive how anxious Isaac was, that now when they had bid adieu to "the lone magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood" of Upper Canada, his master should turn over a new leaf, and refrain from relating those strange and maryellous things, which had rendered him so much an object of ridicule among the young officers in that "far savage land."

To offer advice without giving offence, requires, it is well known, the utmost delicacy of address; not, however, that species of address which is learnt from Lord Chesterfield's philosophy, but which is taught by the venerable Lady Nature, who, without any disparagement to the merits of his Lordship, is one of the best teachers of good manners and of graceful behaviour that has yet undertaken the task of smoothing the intercourse of society. Under the tuition of this excellent governess the faithful Isaac had received the rudiments of all the politeness he possessed, and it was mainly by her advice and instruction that he was enabled not only to remind his master of past indiscretions, but to caution him with respect to the future, without provoking his displeasure, We shall, however, relate what passed between them after Ruart had retired, Mr. Grant having agreed to take his house.

"Well, Isaac," said his master,

"thank heaven! we shall soon get out of this noisy Black Bull Inn, and be as safe and quiet in a house of our own, as ever we were on the banks of the Red River. Five and thirty years, Isaac, have made me almost an old man, and Scotland is so changed since I left it, that I feel myself a stranger in my native land."

"Five and thirty years," replied Isaac, "is indeed, Sir, a terrible long while, and I have been with you the greatest part of all that time, and never took any liberty, Sir, with you before---I wish therefore, Sir, that you would at least allow me to speak a little."

"Speak! Isaac," exclaimed his master, somewhat surprised at this exordium, "speak, and welcome."

"Then, with your honour's permission, I will say something."

"I hope so," said his master dryly, "I did not certainly expect that you requested leave to say nothing, al-

though you have only asked permission to speak."

"Then, Sir, by your leave," answered Isaac, less humbly, "I would take the liberty of advising you."

"What! you then intend to offer me some good advice?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Yes, Sir, if you please," said Isaac, pausing to afford time for an answer, but none being given he proceeded.

"We are, as you say, Sir, now in Scotland, where we are less known than in the woods of Upper Canada, and where I greatly fear the people are not like those whom we used to meet with there."

Mr. Grant said, he did believe that they were indeed very different.

"Then, Sir," said Isaac diffidently, "don't you think, Sir, it would be as well if we were to give up telling those strange stories, which used to astonish the Johnny Raws in the forts yonder."

The intelligent reader will take no-

tice that Isaac made use of the social pronoun, in order to divide with his master the odium that might attach to the stories.

Mr. Grant held down his head to listen with more attention to the continuation of this lecture.

"For," said Isaac, "they made me suffer a great deal."

Mr. Grant was not exactly prepared for this, and he unguardedly asked what the officers in the forts used to say of him.

"That the Indians had taught you, Sir, to shoot a long bow," answered Isaac.

The good humour of Mr. Grant returned at this unintentional sally, and he observed with cheerful candour, that habit had perhaps sometimes led him to joke a little too much. Isaac, delighted with the effect of his admonition, said, "Indeed it does, Sir." "Very well then, Isaac," replied his master; "whenever you observe me shooting

beyond the mark, give me a hint by a nod or a cough, for I should not like to expose myself among the people here."

At this satisfactory point of the conversation a waiter entered with a letter. It was from Lady Glenfoik, congratulating Mr. Grant on his arrival, and explaining to him the unfortunate misunderstanding that had arisen between his niece and Ardskeen, all owing, as her Ladyship very justly remarked, to the misconduct of a servant, and a little pride on the part of Mary; but that matters she trusted would yet be amicably settled, and she thought that if Mr. Grant could fall in with Mr. Macdonald, whom she understood had flown to Glasgow, an explanation might take place without any degradation of family honour, or violation of female delicacy. Her Ladyship added, "you will probably hear of Ardskeen by inquiring at the house of Mr. Ruart, a merchant who has lately broken, related to the Macdonalds, by the mother's blood."

Mr. Grant was not altogether well satisfied with the commission which her Ladyship had thus given him, for he was conscious that it required more knowledge of the character of the parties than he possessed; but his clanish prepossessions began to rise, when he reflected that it was a sister's child for whom he was called on to interfere ---and that the time was when a slight to one of the remotest of his kin, even from the royal race of the Macdonalds, would have kindled the mountain heath with the dazzle of the claymore, and the flashing of hostile eyes. In a word, the weakness, or rather perhaps more correctly speaking, the nobleness of his nature was soon warmed in the cause of his niece, and without loss of time he went immediately to Ruart in quest of the truant lover.

CHAP. XXV.

"Thou art not honest: or
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward."

In the mean time all went prosperously on at the grand banquet of Mrs. Campbell Ardmore; every article of her superabundance was excellent except the soup, which, although she had tasted the last thing herself out of the ladle, and pronounced delicious, turned out, when served up, most shocking indeed. This was owing to some negligence in removing the fish-kettle from the fire, by which such a portion of the water, wherein the fish were boiled, was dashed over into the soup, that it quite destroyed all its proper taste and flavour. But misfortunes of this kind will happen in the best regulated families; the guests of Mrs. Campbell, however, in

order to dissipate the chagrin which this disappointment evidently occasioned to their most kind hostess, "were shut up," as the poet says, "in measureless content" with her other good things.

During the dinner all went well, the maid, the lassie, and Jooker did their best, and the best was done. Never on any former occasion had Mrs. Campbell such a feast, nor were her guests before so well attended. It was, indeed, as she herself declared, a wonder and a pleasure to see the ability of the servitude. Bencloo, as he had promised to Glenfell, was there, and not a savoury bit or nicer slice than another, could Mrs. Campbell discover on any part of the table, bnt it was pressed upon the imaginary lover, as if his heart was indeed to be won through the medium of his stomach.

At last the vast remains and mangled members of the dinner were removed, and the ladies, in due time, began to interchange silent tokens of a wish that their garrulous hostess would retire with

them to the drawing-room. She, however, read their looks, and most hospitably remonstrated against what she called such an early evacuation. Where she had acquired the term we have not been able to learn, but it was probably from some of the gallant lawyers in that renowned and warlike host the Edinburgh Volunteers. The remonstrance had the desired effect of restraining the ladies a little longer from moving, till Miss Mary, by a look intimated to her mother that it was full time they should go; upon which signal Mrs. Campbell, enjoining the gentlemen not to spare the bottle, rose, and led the way from the dining-room. As it is not the practice in Edinburgh for gentlemen to indulge long at their wine, especially in the houses of dowagers, the ladies were not well seated in their apartment, when all the gentlemen made their appearance. At their entrance Mrs. Campbell instantly quitted her chair, and hastened back to the dining-room to put away

the decanters, but Jooker was already there, and most laudably employed in clearing the glasses from the table.

Among other things that Mrs. Campbell observed in the tray in which he was placing the glasses, were two pair of cut tumblers, that had been set down for the water with the desert, but instead of water they appeared strangely to be filled with some more generous liquor.

"What's that in the two crystal tumblers, Jooker?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, in a tone of amazement.

"Table beer," said Jooker.

"Who could be drinking table-beer with their fruit, Jooker," observed the lady, "let me taste it."

Jooker turned up the corner of his eye, and showed more than the tip of his tongue, as he presented one of the glasses.

"As I'm to be trusted," cried Mrs. Campbell," even before she had tasted what was in the tumbler, "its my old Madeira wine."

But Jooker, heedless of her exclamation, had, in the meantime, nimbly quitted the room with what glasses were in the tray, and, on setting it down in the kitchen, drank off the wine that he had in the other tumbler, and returned to assist in removing the remainder of the glasses with the most unabashed innocence of face.

Mrs. Campbell, however, was resolved that he should not, as she said, play his pranks on her for nothing, and began to rail against the *wastrie* of servants in general; she rashly asserted that what Jooker had done was the most confidential piece of thievery that she had ever seen in all her born days. This touched his honour, and he inquired if she meant to call his honesty into question.

"I'll no say what I'll call in question," replied the lady, waxing more and more wroth, "but if I was a man as I am but a woman, it would na be to seek what I would say."

"I believe the old devil is tipsy," said the faithful valet.

This was a floorer, to use a phrase of the fancy. Mrs. Campbell was struck speechless; she could not fetch her breath; she staggered to a chair, but scarcely was she down, when she bounced up with a yell of horror, for she had seated herself on a selection of ripe pears which Jooker had placed aside for himself, and crushed them with her setting part, to the utter ruin of a new French silk gown, which she had received as a present from one of her relations, an officer, who lost his leg at the battle of Waterloo, and who, in his return home, smuggled the piece of silk wrapped round its wooden substitute, beneath his Wellington trowsers.

This sore calamity, as she very properly designated the misfortune which had thus befallen her, drove all thoughts of the pilfered wine out of her head. Miss Mary was summoned from the drawing-room, and after the calm and

cool advice of that reasonable young lady, it was determined that Mrs. C. should retire and change her dress, comforted by the assurance of Miss Mary, that the gown could be dyed another colour, when it would look quite as well as new.

In the mean time the table had been cleared; but Jooker, burning with revenge for the imputation that had been cast on his integrity, meditated an ample indemnification. He cast his eyes on the side-board, adorned with the superb salver that had been borrowed from Mrs. Belwhidder, and he resolved to make himself master of the glittering prize. For this purpose he went softly to the hall-door, which led, as we have already mentioned, to a common stair, and opened it wide to the wall. The windows of this stair, he knew, looked into a certain receptacle, which, in the doric dialect of Scotland, is called a midden; but for a proper translation of the term we must refer

our readers to the elaborate dictionary of our old friend, the learned Dr. Jamieson. Jooker also knew that divers panes of glass in the aforesaid windows were broken, affording several tempting apertures to throw out any thing, whether intended to be sought again or consigned to perish in the abyss below.

When he had thus opened the door, he returned into the dining-room, and folding the darling salver together as well as he could by main force, he again cautiously slipped out, and threw it out at one of the broken panes. When this was done he returned into the kitchen, and immediately began to assist in some of the operations that were going on there in preparing the borrowed cutlery and spoons to be returned—complaining very morosely of the manner in which he had been insulted by Mrs. Campbell, vowing that he never would enter her house again, which he declared not only one of the most stingy he had ever set his foot in, but so cold and comfort-

less, that the wind blew in it as if the windows were open.

By this time Mrs. Campbell had changed her dress, and was leaving her room, when seeing the hall-door open, she exclaimed, " Who has been so thoughtless, in such a night as this, as to leave the door open in that way?—we'll be stollen off our feet!"

A universal cry from all in the kitchen answered, that no one had been out, nor had any one come in, and surely the door could not be open.

This was truly alarming; but nothing in the hall being removed, Mrs. Campbell was satisfied with merely chiding such inattention. In taking a look, however, into the dining-room, before rejoining the company, she missed the salver; and in the sharp quick tone of apprehension, inquired where it was. This brought Jooker, the maid, the lassie, and tasty Jenny, into the room, and Jooker declared, that when he was last there, he saw the salver on the side-

board. Miss Mary was again summoned from the drawing-room; but, alas! what could she say. The salver was gone, and all agreed that the thief must have come in at the door. The sound of what passed, the lamentations of Mrs. Campbell, the protestations of Jooker, and the clamour of the meeting, alarmed the guests; but they could throw no light on the mystery. Something, however, in the manner of Jooker struck Bencloo, and he instantly charged him with being the thief.

This was so unexpected that the delinquent was thrown off his guard, which confirmed Macdonald's suspicion; but the kitchen-women all assured him that Jooker had not been out of the house; and the knavish varlet himself appealed, in proof of his innocence, to his shoes, which he declared he had brought in his hand clean from his master's lodgings, and put them on in the house, and that they were still perfectly clean.

This strong exculpatory fact, would

probably have satisfied the accuser, and Jooker might have been allowed to depart, and carry away the hidden prize at his leizure, had not tasty Jenny in going to resume her drudgery in the kitchen, happened to have occasion to open the window for the purpose of emptying with the greater expedition, one of her utensils; in which act the utensil escaped from her hands, and fell into the court below. The night being dark, she was in consequence obliged to take a candle down with her to the court, to enable her to find it, and the light catching the lustre of the salver as it lay, where the cock in the fable found the precious stone, she seized it with hands of triumph, and bore it battered and besmeared as it was, to where the company were still marvelling at the boldness and dexterity of the unknown thief. Jooker was confounded and fell on his knees, imploring the mercy of Macdonald, who without any process of law, dragged him to the

door, and kicked him down stairs, telling him to quit Edinburgh as expeditiously as he could, and he would account for his absence to his master.

It is unnecessary to say with what pleasure Mrs. Campbell received the lost treasure, nor shall we attempt to relate how, when her first emotions of joy had subsided, she bewailed the condition in which it had been found, "dunkled and deflowered" as she pathetically said, "in the jaws and jeopardy of a midden."

The company soon after this affair took their leave, and the part which Bencloo had acted in the business, appeared to Mrs. Pickenween, one of the guests, so very particular, that in recounting the whole affair to Miss Mally M'Gab, on whom she called in her way home, in order to give her an account of the party, she spoke of it in terms of great commendation. Miss Mally was happily enabled by the information which she had received from

Dr. Macleish, to account in the most satisfactory manner for Bencloo's conduct, assuring Mrs. Pickenween that she had it from the best authority that a marriage would very soon explain all. That lady however refused to give credit to the report, being convinced as she said by her own eyes, that Mr. Macdonald had a settled aversion to Miss Campbell, for never in her life had she seen such studied contempt manifested by man to woman. Nevertheless although thus persuaded, she made no scruple the next day in speaking on the subject to her acquaintance, to intimate her confidential knowledge of the intended marriage, in terms not indeed direct, but sufficiently so to be perfectly understood. In short, it was quickly circulated among all their respective acquaintance, that Macdonald Beneloo, and Miss Campbell Ardmore were to be soon married, and that Mrs. Campbell had given a grand promulgatory dinner in honour of the ap-

proaching nuptials, at which she was robbed of a vast deal of family plate, and an incredible amount of other valuables, by a gang of thieves from London in league with the Laird of Glenfell's blackguard flunkie, who had admitted them into the house in the most extraordinary manner, and concealed them in a water closet, where they were found by one of the ladies, disguised in the most appalling forms.

CHAP. XXVI.

"This ancient Sir, who, it would seem
Hath some time loved."

Her innate dignity of mind, and the charm of polished manners which is its proper lustre, would have rendered Mrs. Ruart in all situations an object of singular interest to strangers—in the embarrassment of her son's misfortunes, she appeared entitled to the epithet of majestic. When he had returned from Mr. Grant and told her that the old gentleman had agreed to take the house, and would come in the morning to see it, she said that she would be ready with Flora to quit it in the evening.—"We cannot go back however to our old humble retreat, even were it ready to receive us, for having left it with flattering prospects we should only subject ourselves to mortifications in the

shape of insincere condolence. In the village we had a few agreeable acquaintance, but my early habits, and perhaps my Highland pride, were not altogether congenial to their manners, and I found myself treated with more respect among them than was due to my circumstances, and less cordiality than my heart desired. What was then regarded as the effect of hereditary feelings, and my education in London, would now be ascribed to a mean endeavour on my part to preserve by distance a consequence that was unbecoming my poverty. This may be a severe opinion of my neighbours, but I live persuaded that it is a just one; for I could often enough before discern that my peculiarities which I can no more prevent than I can change my own nature and person, were indulgently considered on account, my dear Charles, of some presentiment of your good fortune. That is dissipated, and we should now prepare, as it were

to begin the world anew. As soon as you have met your creditors, and submitted to their decision, you will do well to revise the past, in which perhaps you will discover that you committed two great errors. The one in trusting too much to the hollow and falacious civilities of those friends, by whose inattention to you in serious matters you have so often felt the pang of disappointment; and the other, in acting as confidently as if you had really enjoyed their support. You have often told me, that whatever help you received in the prosecution of your business, was obtained from strangers, on whom you had no claim, nor of whom you had any other knowledge than that accidental intimacy which arises in the common intercourse of life. From this your main comfort should now be drawn---you have only in future to avoid encouraging any hope of assistance from any friend, and to act with fearless integrity, in order to be assured,

that in whatever line or land your lot may be cast, you will still find friends whom disposition or interest will induce to take you again by the hand."

Ruart was much affected by the tone in which this was said, and he inquired with some emotion, what his mother intended to do with herself and Flora.

"Since I heard of what has happened, I have thought of little else," replied his mother; "for I did not much turn my thoughts to your circumstances; they are out of a woman's sphere, and I am incapable of judging concerning them. I only know that you have met with losses---I conjecture that you may have been imprudent, but I am confident that you have been always an honest man---and that is my consolation. For myself, though somewhat passed into the vale of life, I may reasonably look forward to many years ---years enough to see you, Charles, in the full bearing of prosperity---and those little attainments acquired for

ornamental accomplishments, but which since the death of your father have enabled me to possess every moderate pleasure that became the sequestered condition of a clergyman's widow, will again be put to use—with the fruits of them and my pension, I shall still be able to maintain at least the appearance of a gentlewoman. Flora has been educated with great care, she is possessed of talents of no common kind. I am sure that a mother's partiality does not deceive me---and I doubt not when an opportunity is afforded her of exercising her taste and genius in a proper manner, that her industry will soon indemnify her for the pain of our present disappointment. I have already written to Mrs. Trimmings, who has more than once expressed her satisfaction at the specimens which I sent her of Flora's embroidery, informing her of what has taken place, and requesting to know if she could receive Flora into her house,

and would teach her the general business of a dress-maker."

The heart of Ruart was almost cleft in twain by this observation---his Scotch pride, his Highland feelings, were all, as it were, insulted at the idea of seeing his sister in the condition of a dress-maker — that sister whose dazzling beauty seemed to be conferred to add splendour to rank, and whose elegance of mind, and superiority of talent, was even still more extraordinary than her beauty.

Mrs. Ruart perceived his astonishment and the emotion with which it was immediately followed, but without apparently noticing it, continued to say—

"This is not, to be sure, quite so splendid a destiny for Flora as we perhaps both once thought, but still it holds out the prospect of great respectability---for the dress-makers in London are persons in a far different line of life from those of Glasgow or of

Edinburgh; and in mercantile concerns you are aware, it is the magnitude of the dealings that makes all the difference between the high and the low."

At this crisis of their conversation Mr. Grant was announced---he entered without making any apology, and inquired, in rather an unnecessary and particular manner, where Mr. Macdonald Ardskeen was to be found. Mrs. Ruart, unacquainted with his person, imagined that he was a creditor, and with a voice and look that fixed him to the spot, said, "I perceive, Sir, that you do not observe there is a lady in the room." Mr. Grant instantly corrected himself, and with extreme good humour said, "Really I have been so long out of the way of rooms with ladies in them, that I have almost forgot there were any other of the species than women and squaws in the world."

Ruart introduced him to his mother, and Mr. Grant then by way of apology said he had received a letter from a

relation in Edinburgh, which obliged him to see Ardskeen without delay, and that he was directed to inquire for him at Mr. Ruart's.

As soon as the proper answer was given to this, in the name of the hotel where Ardskeen lodged, the old gentleman making his best bow to Mrs. Ruart, turned to leave the room. "Since you are here," said Ruart, "you may as well look at the house, it will save you the trouble of coming in the morning, and afford us a little more time for removing—it may be ready for your reception on the day after."

Mr. Grant gave a cursory glance round the room, and eyed Ruart for a moment with a slight cast of compassion in his countenance. He then walked respectfully up to his mother, and said with a free and manly emphasis. "The house, Madam, that is fit for a lady of your appearance, must be better than such a wild man of the woods as I am can possibly know what to do with. I

have taken your house young man—but your mother shall not stir out of it till it suits her own pleasure, though that were not to be till she was as ugly as an Indian's grandmother."

Mr. Grant meant literally what he said ---the habits of his life had given a rapidity of decision to a mind naturally quick in its volitions; and the august form of Mrs. Ruart presenting itself beside her bankrupt son, whose countenance still retained some traces of his emotion for the change in the destiny of a beloved sister, roused his generosity into the determination which he expressed with so little ceremony.

While the party were yet standing on the floor, Flora entered the room---the elegance of her stature, and that extraordinary intelligence of countenance, which, like a halo, irriadiated her corporeal beauty, appeared to him as the visionary glories of a race of beings superior to the daughters of men. "Ah!" said he, almost loud enough to be heard, "this is the mis---understanding

that has balked the hopes of my poor niece---:" and he looked at Flora with such sincerity of admiration that the dazzling lustre of her charms blushed rosy red; the diamond changed into ruby. After a pause of a few seconds, he abruptly seated himself in a chair, and said, "Well, man is man, and I will not seek Ardskeen to-night. Pray Mrs. Ruart, if it is not troubling you too much, I should like to sup with you."

Any ordinary Glasgow lady would have tossed her head with scorn at such familiar impudence; and to say the truth, Ruart felt pretty much like a punch-drinking merchant on the occasion. His mother, whose early acquaintance with the various modifications of character, enabled her to perceive at once that their visitor was a gentlemanly humourist, replied with that self-possession which is only to be acquired by frequenting polite society, "the offer is too flattering to be refused;" and rather a brisk conversation, in

which the humour of Mr. Grant became still more apparent, was carried on, for a few minutes, between them. "I see how it is," said the old man to Ruart, who in the mean time had retired to his seat, and who looked a little askancely at his guest,---"I see how it is---you have been bred up too much of a gentleman to succeed among the thorough-bred counting-house curs of this profit and loss city, unless you had been backed by a longer purse than is generally the inheritance of the mountain-race; and with such a purse who would live in Glasgow, breathing the smoke of steam-engines and the fumes of secret works. I have been here but three days, and curse take me, if the only proofs of superior civilization that I have yet seen, are not the total absence of that spirit of honour, which the Indians still cherish, fat wives loaded with riches, and dowdy daughters, whose only conversation in the dining-room is 'port, if you please;' and in the draw-

ing-room---' my instrument is really out of tune;' which serves as an apology for dislocating reels, and raising the dead rattle in the throat of adagios and strathspeys."

Ruart looked a little discontented at the first part of this address, and Flora laughed at the compliment on the accomplishments of the Glasgow young ladies. "Why, how now!" exclaimed Mr. Grant, turning suddenly round to her---"What Indian nurse suckled you into such heroism, that you dare to be so natural as to laugh in the bankrupt circumstances of your brother. I spent the afternoon, yesterday, with a family who had lost a distant relation; some great man, whom they had never seen; but he had died much regretted, as the newspapers told them, by a numerous circle of acquaintance. He had, moreover, left them a handsome legacy, for which they had put on black clothes and long faces: had the man been hanged for sheep-stealing they could

not have worn more woeful looks; and yet you, in the bloom of youth and beauty, in the rose of life, threatened, as I understand you are, to be cast out from all this elegance, to the dangers of the peopled world, with only the precarious chance of your brother's getting again into business, which he has proved himself, in some degree, unworthy of by failing; you have bravery enough to laugh at the whimsicality of a savage, who has spent the best part of his days in the woods of America, and that too with as much honesty of heart as if you were in the full enjoyment of prosperity and fortune."

"O Sir," said Flora, a little fervently, for the plainness with which he had spoken of her brother, but still in a sprightly manner---"You give my courage more praise than it merits, for I am not quite so dependent as you seem to think."

"Then you have a fortune of your own." "I have," said Flora. "I have

ten---," and she paused. "I have ten fingers."

The generous heart of the old man swelled when he looked at the elegant and lovely creature before him, and was told that she must depend on her own exertion for support, while the candour and spirit in which it was said, evidently showed that she neither considered it as a degradation, nor was alarmed at its insecurity.

Mrs. Ruart, who had been witness, with some degree of emotion, to all that Mr. Grant had said, now interposed---"I see, Sir, that although you are partly acquainted with our present situation, you are not informed as to some particulars that may serve to explain the ease with which we bear what is, nevertheless, a great misfortune: my daughter has only, within these few weeks, been brought into this house. She has lived with me in a small country town, where she has been taught to trust to industry as her only fortune, and she

feels it no hardship to resume her tasks. Her habits, fortunately, are not yet broken."

"I doubt, I doubt," cried Mr. Grant, "that she has no intention of returning to any such drudgery."

"What do you mean," exclaimed Ruart, with indignation.

"That I am a conjuror," replied the old man, calmly. "There is a little bird, a familiar of mine, whose wings are paper, and its life a pen, that has this very night given me some reason to suspect that a fair laird from the isles of the ocean will prevent this scheme of needlework."

It was to Ardskeen that Mr. Grant alluded, for the Macdonalds are a fair-complexioned race. Flora, who remembered the rude embrace of Glenfell, was a little surprised that the description did not apply to him, for he was dark haired, black eyed, and not from the islands.

In this the young lady showed a little

of her sex's vanity, for Glenfell had not spoken to her half a dozen brief sentences, and yet, on hearing this oracular timation, she took it into her head that he was in love with her. The fact was, no doubt, even so, but then she had no reasonable grounds to suppose any such thing, unless, indeed, that occult intelligence which passes between kindred spirits, and prompts them in a moment to be animated with the same passion, may be allowed to have had some previous influence in her bosom.

At this point of the conversation the servant entered and laid the table for supper in the same room where the party were sitting. Mr. Grant for some time continued to joke with Flora, until he had drawn out all the natural gaiety of her disposition, by the stratagem of his remarks, and, without giving even her mother the slightest cause to suspect that he was sounding the depth of her judgment and powers, he made himself fully acquainted with the noble ingenu-

ousness of her disposition, and the richness of her intellectual endowments.

After enjoying one of the most delightful evenings he had ever spent, before taking leave, he again repeated to Mrs. Ruart that although he considered the house as his, she was free to remain in it until it perfectly suited all her arrangements to remove. She would have declined the offer, but he abruptly interrupted her, saying—"It must, indeed, madam, be so, I must, however, have permission to come into it as often as you and this charming creature can afford me a glimpse of natural manners, and elegance without affectation."

"Ah!" said Flora, laughing, "We shall soon, I perceive, know who is the fair haired man that is to stop my needlework."

Mr. Grant put his hand to his locks, and said, peevishly, "No, my dear, you are mistaken; these hairs are grey. 'But yet I am not old enough to think that you could love me, nor weak

enough to insult you with the offer of my all. I have, however, come home, to my native land, to spend the evening of my days, and I am gladdened to see so bright a star in my sky. The moonlight of remembrance is all I can now expect, for my day is past---but you have come upon my feelings like the dream of my youth; like the vision that floated in brightness before me in the dark woods beyond the ocean, when I was alone beside the lake, in the paths of the chace, and the hills of my fathers rose green through my tears; but my spring passed away and my summer departed, and when I gathered the fruits of autumn, the dim eye of age could see the phantom no more. It had vanished and left me a solitary old man."

Flora, affected by this burst of latent enthusiasm, which, with all its extravagance was delivered with the simplicity of true feeling, took him by the hand, and in token at once of sympathy and gratitude for his frankness, kissed it

with filial reverence. A tear fell on her neck as she stooped, but in a moment Mr. Grant recovered himself, and said cheerfully---" I know not whether the old or the young one is the greatest fool. Let that morose brother of yours get out of his dismals as soon as he can, and then we shall see what can be done to put your ten fingers to some office more becoming the heart they belong to, than dragging the entrails of the silk-worm through cambric and muslin."

Flora, when he had retired, became loud in his praises; and her mother took occasion to observe to Ruart, who seemed unusually thoughtful, that here was an assurance of a new friend sprung up, as it were, out of the earth. "The peculiarities of his character are the strongest pledge," she observed, "that he has really formed some intention to serve us." But Ruart was surprised that his mother and sister could see any thing about the man but a rude simpli-

city, the effect of his long seclusion from society. Our readers, however, will be at no loss to account for his dislike, when they consider how abruptly Mr. Grant had spoken of Ruart's misfortunes, and had even slightingly treated him as a man of business.

CHAP XXVII.

"At lovers' quarrels they say Jove laughs."

GLENFELL passed a sleepless night; he was vexed by the folly he had committed, and worked himself into a painful sense of shame. Towards morning, however, "tired nature's sweet restorer" paid him a short visit, but long enough to prevent him from sending the casket by the coach as he had contritely determined to do. This was a new misfortune; for under the consciousness of his imprudence he had not courage to breakfast at Ruart's as he had intended, and was thus deprived of the pleasure of seeing Flora. His attention, however, was quickly engaged with another object. As he was sitting, taking breakfast alone, who should appear but the worthy valet who had been kicked down

Mrs. Campbell's stairs the preceeding evening. The fellow believing that he possessed more influence over his master than he really did, was determined to anticipate Bencloo's report, by going to him with all possible expedition. Accordingly, in less than an hour after his detection, he was on the top of the night-coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and, by the time alluded to, was in a condition to appear before his master, to whom he recited, after the first surprise of the moment was over, an account of what had taken place, solemnly protesting that he had only concealed the salver in a lark (carefully suppressing in what place) to alarm Mrs. Campbell.

Unfortunately for Jooker, his master was in no humour to try his ingenuity; on the contrary, he told him that he was convinced the whole story was a pack of falsehoods, and that the truth would turn out that he had got himself drunk and behaved very badly.

Jooker took hold of this idea with avidity, and confessed that he certainly had taken a little wine which Mrs. Campbell made a great to do about; and was proceeding to give such an account of that part of the business as he thought would amuse Glenfell.

"I am busy just now," said his master emphatically, "and have no time to spend in hearing such nonsense, so get you gone."—The only business that Glenfell had in hand was rapping the end of an egg.

Jooker, however perceived that he was not in a disposition to talk with him, and immediately retired. Determined, however, not to lose his place as long as he could keep it, he desired the waiter to show him his master's bed-chamber, in order that he might put his clothes in order. The waiter did so, but Jooker, after opening all the drawers in the room, saw nothing in them but the unfortunate box of jewellery. This he lifted, and the watch within not

having run down he heard it ticking. His curiosity was excited; but for that time he had self-possession enough to repress its craving; and he returned to his master and inquired where his portmanteau had been placed, for that he could see nothing in his room but a small box containing a watch.

Glenfell burst into a spurt of passion, and inquired how he durst presume to meddle with that box which contained articles sf great value.

Jooker again retired.

Glenfell, as soon as he had finished his breakfast, walked immediately to Ruart's house: on entering the parlour he found the old lady alone, and without any preface, taking a chair, placed himself by her side, and very affectionately took her hand.

"I fear," said he, "that you must think me ill capable of being of any service to your son in his present difficulties. My behaviour has been eminently absurd, and it is proper that you

should be made acquainted with the cause. In one word, since my arrival in Glasgow I have fallen quite beside myself in love. I know not what I am doing, or rather my passion plays me such pranks, that it is continually betraying me into the most improper and unworthy actions. Indeed, from the moment I saw you, so noble in mien—so Siddonian in majesty———"

At this crisis Flora entered the room. Glenfell paused, and Mrs. Ruart looked at him with a strong emotion of alarm, for the halt in his speech led her to suppose that she herself was the object of his passion, and she could not, therefore, believe he was in his right mind.

"I am lost," he exclaimed, "undone for ever."

"What is the matter," said Flora a little slyly?

"You are the cause," said Glenfell, "It is you who have converted me into this fool, and I shall never know how to act with common sense, or

honesty, until I know that you do not despise me."

"Upon my word," replied Flora, half disposed to laugh, which a wild and delicious fluttering of the heart, alone prevented her from doing. "You have not given me much reason to think otherwise."

"I know it," exclaimed her lover, "but it is all your own fault. You ought not to have been half so beautiful, if you expected any man of discernment to conduct himself with propriety in your presence."

"O! then, you are a man of discernment, I presume," said Flora gaily.

Her mother perceived to what issue all this was tending, and left the room.

"In one word," cried the impassioned lover, "I am sure you were made to be my wife; you are just the lovely vision that my hopes have ever pictured—the better half of my soul—and I know that were you mine, I should become one of the most rational of men—without you

I am but a moité of the being that I ought to be."

"From all this," replied Flora, "I am to understand that you are at present half-witted; but with me"—and she paused with embarrassment. Glenfell took her hand, and in the same moment a loud peal on the knocker announced a stranger, and the lovers were interrupted in the most interesting moment of their lives, by the entrance of Mr. Grant.

The old gentlemen had been all the morning in quest of Ardskeen, to come to an explanation with him respecting his niece, but had not succeeded. Somewhat chagrined by his disappointment, he had come to pay his respects to his new friends, and to enquire also of them where he was likely to fall in with the truant lover. Not being acquainted with the person of Ardskeen, on entering the room, and perceiving the confusion into which his interruption as well as their own feelings had thrown Flora and

Grenfell, he took our hero for the gentleman he sought, and the suspicion was confirmed, which he had the preceding evening formed of Flora's beauty as the cause of Ardskeen's inconstancy. The natural gallantry of his character, however, mastered the immediate effect of this mistake, and he embraced her with much tenderness.

"I do not wonder at this," said Mr. Grant, turning to Glenfell, "but as a man of honour you ought to have subdued every impression in order to fulfil your engagements."

Glenfell immediately interpreted this to his own disadvantage. He thought that Mr. Grant, by his familiarity, was a near relation and friend of the family, and that Flora had complained to him of the manner in which he had treated her the preceding day. Under this misconception, he replied, "I confess that I have been to blame; but there are moments when no man is master of his feelings, and I was in that state."

"There is none when a gentleman can forget his honour," said the venerable Highlander haughtily.

Glenfell bowed and left the room. Flora was bewildered, and enquired with alarm what had happened.

"He has behaved in the most unaccountable manner to my niece," said Mr. Grant, "and I do not regret this encounter, as it has afforded me an opportunity of exposing to you the fickleness of his character. But it is necessary that I should come to some explanation with himself on the subject, and you will excuse my abrupt departure to your lady mother"—with these words he immediately retired and followed Glenfell.

CHAP. XXVIII.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

On quitting the house Glenfell hastened to his hôtel, for the purpose of seeking Ardskeen to explain to him what had passed, and to request him to wait on Ruart, and formally make a tender of his hand to his sister. Ardskeen, who lodged in the same house, was not at home, and our hero retired to his own room in a state of extreme vexation, in which vivid scintillations of anger flickered against the old unknown friend. In this crisis, the drawer in which he had deposited the casket caught his eye, and eager to repair the lapse he had committed, he went towards it for the purpose of sending it without delay to the coach-office; but on pulling out the drawer the casket

was gone. He rung the bell furiously, and inquired for his servant, but was informed that the faithful Jooker had departed an hour before by the Edinburgh coach.

"Did you observe if he took any thing with him?" exclaimed Glenfell.

"Only a small sealed package in his hand," replied the waiter.

"I am ruined, undone!" cried Glenfell in despair, and in the same breath he ordered a post-chaise and four to be instantly got ready that he might overtake the thief. The alarm of the robbery spread through the house—all was in uproar—the chaise was at the door as if by magic, and Glenfell was in and off before Mr. Grant reached the door.

In the meantime Ruart happened to go home, and was informed by his mother of what had passed between Glenfell and Flora, and of the singular scene which had taken place between him and Mr. Grant.

Ruart was much distressed by this

intelligence, he thought that there must be some reason for the accusation of the old gentleman, and he dreaded the impetuosity of Glenfell's character. While they were speaking on the subject, Ardskeen was announced, and Ruart, without thinking it necessary to make any particular preface, informed him of what had taken place.

Ardskeen listened to the communication with profound attention, and, after two or three sedate inquiries, said, with a particular emphasis, "A light breaks in upon me—your friend is not in fault, I am the cause of all, and must instantly avert the fatal consequences."

Ardskeen in this thought but of himself, and what he meant by averting the fatal consequences, was to return immediately to Edinburgh; Mrs. Ruart and her son, however, interpreted his meaning differently, and when he hastily left them, they ascribed his anxiety to a wish to prevent Mr. Grant and Glenfell from coming to any deadly deter-

mination against each other. Ruart also thought himself bound to interfere in such an emergency, and followed Ard-skeen—whom he directed to Mr. Grant's lodgings, while he went himself as expeditiously as possible to the hotel where Glenfell staid.

On reaching the house he found the crowd round the door, (whom the alarm of the robbery had served to collect round the chaise and four,) dispersing, and learnt from them that Glenfell had just set off with four horses in pursuit of his servant, who had robbed him of a vast sum of money.

Ruart, not being aware of the valet's arrival in Glasgow, and knowing that Glenfell had brought no considerable sum of money with him, concluded that the story of the robbery was but an invention to disguise a duel.

But the distress which this naturally occasioned was however of short duration, for Mr. Grant advancing from the crowd, expressed his chagrin at being

disappointed of coming to an explanation with the fugitive. "However," said the old gentlemen, "I am glad to see that my reproaches have had the effect of so quickly restoring him to a sense of his own honour, nor shall I afterwards think the less of him for his failing since he has so quickly endeavoured to repair the error."

While they were standing together on the spot, Ardskeen, in his search for Mr. Grant, came up, and Ruart introduced them to each other. "What have I done!" exclaimed the old gentleman, thunderstruck by the mistake into which he had fallen. "I have insulted a stranger that I took for you."

Ardskeen was not a little perplexed by this observation, and Ruart was confounded. Mr. Grant, however, continued to address himself to the former. "Last night, Sir, I received a letter from Lady Glenfoik, giving me some account of the unworthy manner in which you have acted towards my niece. I have

been long out of this country, and know not how the fashion now is to treat such matters, and I am too old in prejudice to rid myself of early sentiments. In a word, Sir, no daughter of my an- ancestors shall, while I live, be wronged with more impunity in these days, than in other times. The interdict of the laws has quenched the ardour of clannish affections, but no temporary expedient of modern policy can extinguish the ancient honour of a Highland gentleman. Our dependents may not now meet on the hill, but we shall not the less settle our dispute in the field."

"Let us retire," said Ruart, "into the house;" and he added in a jocular tone, to appease the rising resentment of Mr. Grant, "The streets of Glasgow are no longer a proper scene for Highland chieftains to determine their feuds."

The old gentleman, without speaking, walked with stern and stately strides to the door of the hotel, and in a voice that would have made the royal hall of

Selma itself resound, commanded the waiter to show them into a room.

Ardskeen, perfectly unconscious of having in any way whatever given cause of offence to his betrothed or any of her family, followed Ruart with perfect self-possession; and when the waiter had retired, he went up to Mr. Grant, who took his station with his back to the fire, scowling with fierce thoughts of old renown, and many a mortal fray—and said to him, "Sir, I am glad of this interview, and I trust that you are able to tell me the cause of that unhappy misunderstanding, which seems to have so provoked your displeasure."

"I have," replied Mr. Grant, "told you, that I am informed of the ungentlemanly manner in which you have acted towards a niece of mine."

"I am innocent of every such accusation," answered Ardskeen; "but something has undoubtedly occurred to lead Lady Glenfoik to suppose, that I

may have acted improperly. It would be but fair, before I am condemned, to let me know in what I have offended."

"Upon that part of the subject I have nothing to say," replied Mr. Grant---"I only find that one of my own blood requires my friendship, and I have not so declined from the ancient honour of my race as to refuse it."

"But," interposed Ruart, "there may be faults on both sides, and it is but equitable to ascertain which is really in the wrong."

"A true Highlander!" exclaimed Mr. Grant proudly, "knows no such sentiment. It is the duty of every man to support those who are in the right; but it is the virtue of a Highlander to stand by his kin and friends, be they in the right or wrong."

"This is not to be endured," said Ardskeen. "On the morning when I went to fix the day of my marriage with your niece, I was rebuffed with scorn by her aunt, who till that day had ever

been most favourable towards me; and now, Sir, you also act to me as if I had committed some offence. I wrote, demanding some explanation, and my letter was returned unopened. I beg you to tell me in what I am to blame, and you demand satisfaction for a wrong. I trust, Sir, that I am as little likely as yourself to shrink from an enemy, but it is a strange return to an affection as sincere as it is disinterested, to find all the relations of its object thus bent on provoking me to quarrel."

The ruddy indignation of Mr. Grant's visage began to fade, and he turned hastily to Ruart, saying---"What do you think of this business?"

"There is evidently some misconception," said Ruart; "and before proceeding further I would recommend the parties most interested to meet. There is no objection on either side to the marriage."

"None," replied Mr. Grant.

"Why then has it been so capri-

ciously interrupted?" exclaimed Ardskeen.

The fervour of Mr. Grant's spirit had now entirely abated; he perceived that the case really did not require the interference of quite so much heroism as he had resolved to exert, and he said, in a good-humoured manner---"If I understand you rightly, Ardskeen, you are still anxious to marry my niece."

"It is the life of all my wishes," replied the lover.

"Then, I am sure," resumed the old gentleman, "that I know of no impediment, and the sooner you return to Edinburgh the sooner your happiness will be secured. But what is to be done with the gentleman whom I met with at your house, Mr. Ruart?" Ruart had also begun to think of Glenfell, and could, by no possible conjecture, explain the enigma of his sudden flight.

CHAP. XXIX.

——"I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace."——

Glenfell had, in the meantime, proceeded with increasing vehemence of spirit, and velocity of wheel, after the Edinburgh coach, which he overtook about half-way in the journey, and with very little ceremony, alighted from his chaise, and pulled the pallid and convicted Jooker from the roof, wth the fatal casket in his hand. Few words passed; Glenfell too happy to have recovered the purloined treasure, was little disposed to inflict punishment, and the faithful valet, too sensible of the importance in such a case, of saying little, was glad to acquiesce in silence to whatever his master might have required.

In returning to the chaise with the casket, a momentary flush of indignation glowed on the countenance of the young Laird, when he saw the delinquent, with his hat in his hand, attempt to hold the door to him as he stepped into the carriage. "Go to the devil at once," he exclaimed, "or you will provoke me to hang you." Jooker bowed, and returning to the coach, resumed his seat on the roof, and was never more heard of, while Glenfell ordered his horses heads to be turned again towards Glasgow.

His whole heart was now filled with the image of Flora, all other considerations were regarded as nothing compared with that of obtaining her forgiveness for the liberty he had taken. In this spirit, and in total forgetfulness of the awkward appearance he would make with the casket in his possession, he ordered the chaise to drive directly to Ruart's house.

Ruart, in the meantime, had made

Mr. Grant in some degree acquainted with the eccentric character of Glenfell, and the old gentleman had determined to dine with Ruart, who in vain attempted to decline the offer, even to urging the state of his affairs as a reason. "It is of no consequence to me," said Mr. Grant, "I have taken your house; you told me I might take possession when I pleased, and I am resolved to dine there to-day. I will not be your guest, but your mother and sister shall be mine, and as long too as they think proper. I will order in wine;—my servant shall attend;—dine with me if you will, and welcome; but there I am determined to dine. As for your bankruptcy, why, man, it is but like a warrior who has lost a battle: it is an occasion in which your spirit should rise. The courage which you require is, to be sure, not exactly of the same kind as a soldier's, but still it is courage. If you have been honest, never fear the world: mankind are bad enough, but the worst of them respect virtue, and all

reverence it in distress. I have not known what home was for five and thirty years till last night, when I met with it at your fire-side. From that moment I counted myself your friend, and in spite of your pride and prudence I will convince you, before all is over, that I am so."

Ruart could not resist this determination of the old man, and accordingly consented to his wish. Mr. Grant also made it a point with Ardskeen that he should likewise dine with him. "I know," said he, "that you wish to be off for Edinburgh, but, as of old, the whole clan were interested in the matches of their members, you must give me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the candidate that offers to be admitted into union with ours. You must write to Mary that all will be settled and yourself in Edinburgh to-morrow, and I will inform Lady Glenfoik that she is an old fool, as I have no doubt she is, for having set us almost by the ears; and yet to

confess the truth, I am a little sorry that we have been so easily reconciled, for I do not much like this modern moderation of feeling, this debating about the equity of things. I know not why a man whose race and line have for ages withstood the changes of time and chance, should, for the sake of mahogany chairs, plated ware, and cut glass, measure his manners by those of the temporary traffickers in cotton bags and sugar hogsheads. Thank Heaven! although I have been a merchant, my particular trade has saved me from the contamination of this degeneracy, and with as good a fortune as most of the squad, I can lay my head for sleep as comfortably beneath the lonely tree and the starry canopy as ever did the hardiest of my ancestors on the mountain heath, or in those fields of war where tent was never raised."

Ardskeen, upon the earnest persuasion of Mr. Grant, having consented to stay, the old gentleman himself undertook to be the bearer of the requisite informa-

tion to Mrs. Ruart, and a few minutes before the return of Glenfell he had been admitted, and was standing in the parlour when he entered, waiting for the ladies who were engaged at the time in some household cares.

On seeing Glenfell and recollecting the little equivoque that had taken place between them, he indulged his natural predilection to joke, by affecting a very cold and distant air. The young chief was not, however, in a disposition to be cowed by this; on the contrary, he was so well pleased with the result of his excursion, that it would not have been easy to upset his good humour.

"I suppose Mrs. Ruart and Miss Flora will be here presently," said Glenfell.

"I really do not know," replied Mr. Grant; nor am I at all aware of your motive for expecting them; nor if your appearance here will be agreeable to any of the family."

This was language apparently plainer than what Glenfell was prepared

for; and for a moment he was rather taken a little back, but in recovering himself he said,

"I do not think, Sir, that any very harsh construction should be put on my indiscretion; the sight of so much beauty in tears was more than I could resist."

"True," replied Mr. Grant, who was unacquainted with what he alluded to; "It is very true, but, Sir, you ought to have reflected better."

"Well, but" cried Glenfell, a little impatiently, "I am willing to make all the reparation in my power: if I may use an expression to describe my wish for an event that would confer on me the greatest happiness."

The shrewd mind of Mr. Grant perceived that something had taken place between Glenfell and Flora, besides what her brother and mother knew, and he applied his wonted ingenuity to discover what it was.

"Considering the short time that you have known Flora, you must allow," said

the sly old man, "you have not been wanting in the means of declaring to her the warmth of your sudden love."

"You may call it sudden if you please," replied the lover, "but it is no new thing in the history of the passion to fall in love at first sight. I am already as familiar with your lovely relation as if I had known her these twenty years."

"You mean with her soul, I presume," said Mr. Grant drily, "for she is but eighteen. However, Sir, you must be sensible that you have carried your familiarity a little too far,—sensible as you are yourself how much you have been to blame."

"I confess," said Glenfell, "that it was not quite *à la mode* to take her in my arms, but the action was dictated by tenderness and affection: I saw her in tears; I perceived the sacrifice she was preparing; I felt for her situation, I admired her beauty;—in a word, I wished to make her mine. I thought she would soon be so, and with the fondness of that

fancy I committed the transgression on cold etiquette which you seem to consider as a sin."

Mr. Grant was highly amused at having thus discovered to what extent Glenfell had been betrayed; and was almost inclined to take him heartily by the hand and laugh at the confession into which he had seduced him. But he reserved his knowledge of the secret until he should have an opportunity of teazing Flora.

CHAP. XXX.

"What have I been doing."

While all things at Glasgow were tending to a favourable issue, disaster on disaster seemed to thicken in malignancy at Edinburgh. Mrs. Campbell was on the self-same night in which Mr. Belwhidder's silver waiter met with such atrocious treatment from the profligate hands of Glenfell's servant, convinced that Bencloo had not one spark of affection for her daughter. He had behaved as he always did, with the greatest politeness through all the trials of her superfluous hospitality, but his deportment towards Miss Campbell was dry and forbidding; so much so that the young lady felt it and her mother saw it, for her eyes were on him the whole after-

noon. This discovery was the more mortifying as the visit to Dr. Macleish was rendered evidently premature; so that what with the accidents that befell plate, viands, and garments, the close of her banquet was embittered with many unpleasant thoughts.

Lady Glenfoik was scarcely in a more enviable situation. Perfectly convicted, by her own conscience of having acted with great rashness, she in vain endeavoured to allay the reproaches of that accusing spirit by animadverting on the innocent conduct of her niece. But the abrupt departure of Ardskeen for Glasgow seemed to place the calamity beyond all power of remedy. Mary, however, was less disturbed by it than her ladyship expected. The source of the mistake that had taken place being so completely cleared, she had so true a confidence in the affection and principles of her lover, (which every woman ought to have in the man with whom she has agreed to encounter the vicissitudes of

human life) that she was sure a speedy and satisfactory result would necessarily ensue, In this crisis letters were received informing them of the arrival of Mr. Grant at Glasgow, and lady Glenfoik lost no time, as we have already noticed, in making him acquainted with what had happened. As a prudential precaution, however, against accidents, her ladyship thought it would be as well to apprise Miss Peggy Shapings, the mantua-maker, that she need not proceed with the bridal dresses till further orders. This was a piece of information of too much consequence to be withheld from the public, and accordingly next day, Miss Peggy took an early opportunity of calling on Miss Mally M'Gab for the purpose of letting her know the exact state of the case; Miss Mally however was fully prepared for this intelligence, and requited the commendable zeal and communicativeness of the mantua-maker, by informing her of all that had been divulged by Dr. Macleish, and of what

had taken place the evening before, at Mr. Campbell's banquet.

A mantua-maker, a bedrid lady, and a physician being thus engaged in a business for which any one of the three was sufficient, the story spread with wonderful celerity. Visitor after visitor called on lady Glenfoik, and without once directly speaking to the point, loudly complained against the inconstancy of man, and the vanity and vexation of spirit attending all earthly expectations, by which her ladyship understood that the change in the prospects of her niece was the general talk of the town: and the condolence was the more afflicting as she was unable to insinuate any contradiction of the story.

But her ladyship enjoyed a bed of roses, even in this, compared with Mrs. Campbell, who being a less dignified personage, her acquaintance took greater liberties with her. The bright brazen knocker glowed with repeated

peals, and one visitor after another was successively announced, all bent on the same errand, to congratulate her on the excellent match which had at last fallen to the lot of her daughter. In vain did the afflicted Mrs. Campbell with the most unaffected sincerity assure them that there was no foundation for what they said. With some she endeavoured to laugh, with others she was angry, but again the knocker sounded, and another woe was announced in the form of an elderly gentlewoman

Her daughter, from whom the visit to Dr. Macleish had been carefully concealed, was astonished and perplexed beyond measure, that the supposition of Mr. Macdonald paying his addresses to her should be so universally known; and as her mothers' vexation increased, her spirit began to be cheered with the auspicious augury of public opinion.

In this state of things the sun set in the west, on Edinburgh. The windows

of Queen-street were illuminated with his last rays, as if there had been a lamp in every pane along the whole extent of that breezy terrace.—The flag on the castle was lowered.—The drums and fifes of the garrison were heard from the castle-hill. Those of the inhabitants who had dined early, prepared for tea, while their highbred neighbours, indulged themselves in the luxuries of more substantial fare. But northern twilight lingers long, and the Calton-hill and classic haunts of Arthur's seat were yet frequented by many an admirer of nature, and of the environs of the intellectual city.

About this time in Glasgow, Mr. Grant's party at Ruart's house had met, and Glenfell was still by one little occurrence after another prevented from telling the adventure of the sket. He had placed it carelessly on a side table, during his conversation with Mr. Grant, where it lay unnoticed till the company had taken their places at the

dinner-table. The first who discovered it, and indeed the only one who recognized it stripped of the case in which it was packed, was Flora herself. Various feelings that require no particular description, prevented her from saying any thing respecting it. She supposed that her brother instead of taking it to the coach, had been induced by the ticking of the watch, which she recollected had not run down, to open the box, and had brought it back. She was sorry that he had done so, and disturbed that he should be displeased with what she considered a sacrifice to honour and duty.

This little incident for a time saddened as it were her spirit; the vigilant eyes of her lover saw the change, and he imputed it to the conversation he had held with her in the morning. Mr. Grant was alone at his ease; and endeavoured in vain by his best jokes and flights of fancy, to disperse the gloom which darkened the countenances of his guests.

His servant Isaac, who was in attendance, and ignorant of the cause, was at first surprised at the ineffectual fire of his master's wit; but this feeling soon gave place to one of far deeper emotion. Isaac began to fear that the seriousness of the party proceeded from a contempt for his master's extravagance, and he became extremely uneasy at seeing the old gentleman continuing, as he thought, to play the fool more and more.

Mrs. Ruart and Flora rose soon after the cloth was removed, and the latter on leaving the apartment, took the casket in her hand to the drawing-room. Glenfell observed her do this, and when she retired he sunk down in his seat overwhelmed with an oppressive sense of shame.

"Gentlemen, this will not do," said Mr. Grant, "you are all in the wrong; we are, it is true, in a house on which the shadow of the cloud rests---but the wind that brought the cloud will bear

it away. When I went first to the wilds of Upper Canada I had as gloomy reflections as our friend Ruart here, and I was obliged to devise amusement for myself, for I was often without companions of my own degree."

Isaac, who was doing something at the side-board, paused in his work and listened.

"I meditated till I was tired," con- Mr. Grant, "on the wonders of nature around me; on the stupendous scale upon which all things in those remote lands seem to be formed, on the greatness of the rivers, the sealike expanse of the lakes, and the magnitude of different tribes of animals of the same species that we have here in Scotland, particularly of the deer kind."

Glenfell began to attend to what he said, and Isaac looking round from the side-board, gave an audible sigh.

"One day, however," continued the narrator, "I met with a remarkable circumstance. As I was standing leaning

against a tree, looking at some enormous fish of the trout species, as they turned up their silver breasts to the light in the stream, I heard a strange noise at some distance---I can compare it to nothing but the distant sound of a well-filled country church, when the congregation are all singing the Psalm."

Isaac gave a gentle cough, "Hearing this sound," said Mr. Grant, "I turned round, and beheld not far from me, a flock, as I thought, of birds, somewhat like pheasants in their plumage, and having my gun at hand, I fired and killed one of them."

Isaac coughed with so much vehemence, that Glenfell, who was already hatching a theory on the subject, said to Mr. Grant, "Your servant has a very bad cold, I wish you would tell him to leave the room."---Isaac was ordered out accordingly.

"But," resumed the traveller, "on going to lift my fowl, as I supposed it, I was petrified with astonishment, to

find it not a bird but an insect---an insect, gentlemen, and formed in every respect like a common bee: I made use of its sting long after as a pricker for the touch-hole of my fowling-piece."

"Did you not examine this singular thing further?" enquired Glenfell.

"O yes," replied Mr. Grant, highly tickled that he had been so successful with his first story, "my curiosity was too much interested in the matter to let it rest, but I was most confoundedly afraid of approaching the hive; however, at last I did venture to take a peep."

"And what was it like?" said our hero earnestly. "Just like a common hive!" was the sly answer.

"Doubtless! but how large?"

"Not much bigger," replied the traveller.

"How the deuce, then, could such bees as you have described get in?" enquired Glenfell earnestly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Grant, "that was the bees' affair, not mine."

This little *jeu d'esprit* had the desired effect; Ruart and Ardskeen had perceived that Glenfell was taking the story seriously, and a hearty laugh at his expense exhilarated them all, which, with a brisk circulation of the wine, the old gentleman insisting that they should do something for the good of his new house, rendered them soon in excellent spirits to join the ladies.

CHAP. XXXI.

"I mist my end and lost my way."

It has often been remarked, that few things are more ridiculous than the ordinary run of love letters; we are much inclined, however, to think that love conversations are still more so, and enough has been said and shown to satisfy the reader, that Glenfell was not of a temperament to exalt their dig-nignity. On entering the drawing-room he was in high glee, his fancy was like a gem of a thousand points, pouring in all directions the blaze and flicker of its lustre. The moment that his eye caught the elegant form of Flora he was at her side, and in contempt of all spectators and auditors he had declared the violence of his love, explained the adventure of the casket, and demanded

her in marriage. Her brother was not altogether pleased with this publicity, nor did Flora herself seem to relish it entirely; but Glenfell was sincere, and he reiterated his request so earnestly, that Mr. Grant interposed in his behalf, and so far succeeded that the young lady was in a manner constrained to confess, that she did not absolutely detest him.

This incident, in itself so contrary to the established usage in such cases, had the effect of a charm on Glenfell. When the rhapsody of the moment had subsided, he placed himself near Flora, and became at once, as it were, not only serious, but singularly rational. He acted towards her as one whose destiny was already mingled with his own; spoke of her brother's unhappy situation as a participator in the misfortune; in a word, the natural powers of his mind broke out with surprising lustre, and effectually redeemed in half an hour all the disadvantageous im-

pression of his previous eccentricities.

But the scene that had taken place agitated Mrs. Ruart greatly. It was an event beyond her most sanguine hopes, to see in such a dark season of fortune, so bright and so flattering a prospect open to a beloved child. Mr. Grant, who had, from the first moment he entered the house, felt a strong and particular interest in the fate of the family, seemed, after a short time, a good deal embarrassed by something working in his mind. Ardskeen and Ruart had retired.

"I am thinking," said the old gentleman at last, "that although all this is a very happy incident to you who are in love, it is not so very easy to be finally settled as the lovers may suppose In the first place there is Mr. Ruart's affairs—he is to meet his creditors to-morrow—there is this house which I have unfortunately taken—it is true you are as welcome to it as if it

were still your own home—but I am a stranger, and you will on that account not accept the use of it, nor is it proper perhaps that you should. Then again there is Miss Flora----she must be equipped as the bride of Glenfell ought to be---and without a sacrifice of pride and feeling I know not how all this is to be done."

"Glenfell, who had listened with profound attention to what Mr. Grant said, acknowledged the justness of his remarks---" But," he added, "some of the difficulties may be easily remedied---my aunt, Mrs. Campbell, Ardmore, will, I am sure, rejoice to receive Mrs. Ruart and Flora until we have had time to make every proper arrangement----I would therefore recommend that they should set off for Edinburgh to-morrow morning, and I will write to Mrs. Campbell this evening to prepare for their reception; as for Ruart's affairs, they must go to a bankruprcy---the probable deficiency of his assets is so great, that he

can by no reasonable assistance expect to redeem them. By accepting of such assistance, he is convinced that he would only be exchanging one set of creditors for another. In his transactions there has been some imprudence, but no greater fault, and it is therefore not likely his creditors will deal more harshly with him than with others in the same situation. Relieved by bankruptcy from the trammels of his present affairs, he will, in all probability, be soon a free man; and, as I understand, he has determined to abandon commercial pursuits for ever, his friends must endeavour to find out some new tract for his abilities."

Mr. Grant listened with surprise and pleasure to the calm and sensible manner in which Glenfell expressed himself, so different from any thing that he had yet an opportunity of observing in the conduct of the young chieftain ---and the result of the who le wa, that Mrs. Ruart and Flora should not the

next, but the following day, take their departure from Glasgow, in company with Glenfell and Mr. Grant, who was now anxious to see his niece. Ardskeen, it was understood, intended to quit Glasgow that night; and, indeed, it was for the purpose of seeing him in the coach, that Ruart had gone with him.

Soon after this conversation, Mrs. Ruart and her daughter left the room: ---they had much to say to each other, and not a little to do. As soon as they had retired, Mr. Grant enquired of Glenfell with great earnestness who were Ruart's friends, and what they could do for him---but the answer was unsatisfactory. Glenfell knew of none but himself who had the will, and those who had the means in an equal degree had no personal knowledge of him---for Ruart had explained to him how he stood with respect to his mother's relations.

"Then, I think," said the generous

old Highlander, " as you have Flora under your plaid, I cannot do better than take the old lady under mine."

Glenfell looked not a little amazed, and Mr. Grant, seeing his surprise, could not resist the temptation of resuming his jocularity. But the effervescence of our hero's fancy had subsided. He was calm, collected, and sedately intent on a serious affair, so that after two or three endeavours, Mr. Grant said—" Don't be alarmed; I have no intention whatever to marry---nor from what I observe of the old lady do I think she is much inclined to change her condition. But when her daughter is settled her anxieties will naturally revert to the situation of her son, and it will be my task to lighten them. I have some political influence---at least I ought to have, and the talents which Ruart possesses for business, though not for speculation, which is altogether a different sort of thing, may qualify him to do the state some service. Not, however, on his

own account, but because he has so noble a monument of Highland grandeur in his mother, and a being so like the daughters of the days of harp and song in his sister."

Glenfell was extremely delighted with the frank generosity and singular motives of Mr. Grant, nor was the old gentleman less pleased with him for the dash of extravagance that he had seen in his behaviour, since he found it was balanced with a treasure of just reflection, which enabled him to redeem, with extraordinary success, the most ludicrous and violent indiscretions. It was agreed between them, however, that nothing should be said to Ruart on the subject, until he had finished his duty towards his creditors.---"For," observed Glenfell, "upon the way in which he performs his part in his present difficulties, we must judge how he is hereafter to be trusted. It is not enough because he is our friend and stands in need of a good place, that we should exert our

influence to procure him one---we must deal justly with the state."

"I don't understand the sense of such modern remarks," replied Mr. Grant, "I am his friend, and will endeavour to serve him."

Glenfell smiled, but said nothing, and the return of Ruart, from having seen Ardskeen off for Edinburgh, interrupted their conversation on the subject.

CHAP. XXXII.

" Endure and conquer, live for better fate."

The character of Glenfell, who had now a settled and determinate object in view, began to develope itself with great beauty, That freakish, we might almost say, that skittish disposition, which before was constantly leading him to commit some wanton trangression on decorum, from the moment that he considered his fate connected with the happiness of Flora, started forward, with a noble bound, in a career of manly and generous emulation—not for distinction but for utility. This conversion, if we may use the word, was sudden, like that of many other sinners, but it partook of the energy of his cha-

racter, and he became a proselyte to propriety with as much vehemence as he had formerly indulged in the most contemptuous violation of all the ordinary dignities of life. He was, in fact, a new being; the chrysalis of his youthful folly was changed, and on the morning when Ruart was to meet his creditors, he joined the family at breakfast with a self-possession and vigour and decision of mind that would have merited the lofty epithet of greatness, had the crisis in question been the concerns of empire and the interests of the world; as it was, it did not seem to exceed the measure of the occasion---for it is the beauty of genius to so adapt itself to circumstances as scarcely to seem remarkable.

Mr. Grant, full of that fine ancient spirit which it was his weakness or his virtue to cherish, also shared the anxieties of his new friends; but so much was he struck with the surprising acuteness of Glenfell, his aptitude,

his richness in expedients, his precise and indeed wonderful intuitive perception of the most ravelled matters of account, that he could not repair from openly expressing his admiration.

"There is no fear of your son to-day," said he to Mrs. Ruart "This extraordinary young man would lift him from the very mud 'of disgrace as well as the slough of dispond, and establish him on the bright green sunny path of honour and esteem. I am amazed, and I feel that I have long lived out of the sphere of man. This talent, this shrewdness, this marvellous precision of thought, are what suit modern wants, and stands in place of the heroism and spirit of former ages. I am now convinced that we not only change with circumstances, but that we should change; and that all those dreams of other years on which I have doted so fondly in the lone wates and woods where it has been my lot to pass my life, are but like the poetry of the bards, things of sublime and remote

concernment, having no part or place in the affairs of the modern world."

Mrs. Ruart acknowledged that she was indeed astonished at the versatility of Glenfell's character, but that she was afraid his present lucid interval might be like his folly, but a fit.

The two old people were holding this conversation apart; listening at intervals to what was passing between Glenfell and Ruart. Flora was sitting silent by herself, looking now and then with great earnestness and pleasure towards her lover.

When Glenfell had finished what he had to say to Ruart, by way of instruction for him in the scene that was to ensue, Flora left her chair, and came round the table to where Glenfell was sitting, and placing her hand familiarly on his shoulder, said, "My dear Glenfell, all that you have been saying is exceedingly wise and just, but my brother must not be your puppet; he must act from the dictates of his own mind;

you cannot school him to perform a part well for which he may not be qualified by nature."

"Here is Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, I declare," cried Mr. Grant, struck with her words, "But what would your majesty propound?"

"O nothing," said the beautiful girl, "I only think, that were Glenfell placed in my brother's situation, he would surprise us by his prudence, but I wish Charles to be himself prudent."

"You will make a discreet wife," said Glenfell jocularly, while he tenderly pressed the hand that she had placed on his shoulder, "in not wishing that your husband should monopolize all the wisdom and good qualities of his sex---and be assured my love, though I hope always to like you better than any other woman, I will not pledge myself to think you always the fairest or the wisest."

Ruart himself was in the meantime mustering up a great deal of unnecessary firmness. The great art of ma-

nagement in life, is to do things easily. Nothing, when it comes to pass, is like what it was expected to be---and the worst things always look the most hideous at a distance; for fear is a magnifying medium.

The hour at last arrived when the delinquent was to go forth to trial, and Glenfell went with him. Mr. Grant remained with the two ladies. For some time the old gentleman drew largely on his wishes to amuse, nor were their endeavours to be cheerful any less.---But anxiety, like a spreading frost, stilling the flowing waters and hushing the cascade, gradually silenced all; and was only broken by a brief question, which a monosyllable answered.

As the time advanced, Flora, with an affecting simplicity began with dejection to wonder what could be doing at the meeting. Her mother said nothing; but rose from her seat, and walked to and fro in the room with the awful majesty of a Zenobia, when the last battle

of her Palmyra was fighting. Mr. Grant thought that it was strange, so common a thing as a bankruptcy, should occasion him to feel so queerly, especially when he was not a creditor.

"I do not think," said he, to Mrs. Ruart, rising and walking with her on the floor, "that after all, these modern accidents are more easily borne, though they make so much less noise, than those to which of old our ancestors were liable."

"No, sir," replied the old lady, pausing, with an air that would have beggared the majesty of a Siddons. "It is as we feel things, not what the things themselves are, that produce our suffering. Were my son at this moment in the field of battle, and his honour, inheritance, the renown of all my race involved in the contest, I could not suffer more than I do at this moment."

"I thought so;" said Mr. Grant, "wherein then I should be glad to know, is that boasted improvement in the state

of the country, which, without lessening the sensibility of the people, has increased the number of the sufferers. Commend me to the good old times of furrowless plains and unbridged streams, when, if the soldiers were few, and the battles were bloodier, the mourners in the hall were also few, and the vanquished died not unhonoured."

Mrs. Ruart had been too early taken to England to retain many of her Highland affections; but the view which Mr. Grant ingeniously took of the situation of her son, alluding to it with so much delicacy, soothed her agitation, and inspired her with a firmer resolution to wait the result of the meeting with calmness.

Glenfell and her son returned much sooner than was expected. The former was self-collected and grave, but the latter was pale, and trembled exceedingly. "It is over," he exclaimed; "the trial is past;"---and rushing into

the arms of his mother, was relieved by a flood of tears.

"The business," said Glenfell, "has passed as I expected. An explicit statement in writing was read by your son of the causes that brought on his fall. This was, perhaps, unnecessary, and some of the creditors would have been no doubt as well pleased to have been spared a comment that they all must have felt---but it was the act of an ingenuous mind, and the effect was honourable to all concerned. The meeting saw that bankruptcy was inevitable; submitted to the loss as became men of the world; and applauded as men of honour the frank avowal of Ruart. He is not now, it is true, a man of the same credit he once was, but he has convinced all that he is an honourable minded man, and has not lost a friend by the money he has lost."

The old lady embraced her son, dropping but one tear on his shoulder; and

rising from the position into which she had stooped, said to Flora, who, quite overwhelmed, had thrown herself into the arms of Glenfell, "We ought not to be sad, but rather to rejoice at the event of this day. Get yourself in readiness to leave Glasgow, I entered it with a glad heart, but I shall quit it with a prouder."

Mr. Grant, who, on seeing the two young men enter the room, had retired to a corner, was, perhaps, not one of the least affected of the whole groupe. In a pause in the scene he came forward, and with a profound but strange emotion of piety, knelt down. "I thank heaven," he cried, "that in casting my fate in the lonely wilds and wastes afar off in the desart of Kedar, of Canada I should say, it has spared me so long from the knowledge of the pangs that wait on mercantile discomfiture,"

In this truly solemn crisis the parlour door was opened, and Isaac, attended by Ruart's servant, entered, bearing a salver

with wine and cake. The old man in a transport of rage started from his kneeling, and exclaiming, "Fool, do you take this for a funeral?" dashed the salver from his hand, and pushed him and the other out of the room. What had tempted Isaac to commit this obtrusion must be left to the conjectures of the reader; 'the incident itself, however, did more to rouse the whole party to a proper temperament of feeling, than all the ingenuity of Glenfell could have effected in his happiest moments, or the extravagance of Mr. Grant in his freest flights.

Details of business are not very interesting on any occasion, and still less so in a narrative: we shall, therefore, pass over as too tedious to be mentioned, the particulars of what took place at the meeting. After the first paroxysm had gone off, Mr. Grant felt himself in new freedom. He had previously ordered Isaac to provide a good dinner; and he was "himself again," with all

the airiness and wildness of his genuine character. "Now," said he to Glenfell, "I must work; Ruart, you are, I understand, free, after a short time to go---the world all before you, where to choose your place of rest, and providence your guide. But you will not be the worse off for having a friend to assist you in the choice. During the American war I was of some use to Lord George ————, I will ask him to serve you and he shall do it. If he do not, my influence is not exhausted."---and without farther preface or discourse, he ordered Isaac to bring him his writing desk, and he wrote on the spot an urgent request to his lordship to secure for a particular friend of his, the first situation that fell vacant worthy of a gentleman, and a man of talent."

He read the letter to Glen fell, who thought the solicitation too peremptory. "Pho! Pho!" cried Mr. Grant, "I never solicited a favour in my life, and will not now. It is a bargain---a plain bar-

gain---but if you think otherwise I will add a postscript, and he accordingly wrote at the bottom--- " I do not ask this, my Lord, for the service I have done, but because I have six different estates *now* in Scotland."

Glenfell laughed exceedingly, and confessed he had never imagined any more cogent teason for obtaining an official appointment for a friend. " Oh !" said the old gentleman, " little as I know of the world I have lived long enough to be certain that the meek mouth will ever use a small spoon. What the devil interest has lord this or that more in the state than I have, that I should mince the matter."

The letter was sealed and sent to the post-office, where Glenfell's to Mrs, Campbell, apprizing her of the visit from Mrs. Ruart and Flora had been deposited some time before.

CHAP. XXXIII.

"Let those whom folly prompts to sneer,
Be told we sport with fable here."

THE letter which Glenfell wrote to his aunt, apprising her of the visit of Mrs. Ruart and Flora, was so much to the point, so clear, and so considerate, that its authenticity might have been disputed by Mrs. Campbell, to whom his occasional epistles were in a far different style, had he not inserted the following postscript :---"N.B. We shall be with you in time for dinner, and I hereby order and command, that you do forthwith provide a *new* dinner." He happened, after finishing the letter, to recollect the recent banquet, and knowing, the abundance that would still remain of the fragments, as well as the lady's notable economy, he had deemed it expedient to anticipate the probable

apparitional unsubstantiality of hashes and other spectral re-appearances of the departed feast, by this explicit order. To do Mrs. Campbell however justice, she was not naturally mean, but the shifts and expedients which her passion for gentility had rendered habitual, often betrayed her to appear so in beating out her narrow jointure to gild a larger space in the view of her neighbours than she was entitled by her income to occupy. The admonition of her nephew was, therefore, on the present occasion, not altogether injudicious.

Miss Mary, on reading the letter to her mother, expressed her astonishment at the strong and serious interest which Glenfell had so suddenly taken in these Ruarts; but the mind of her mother seized on the postscript, and without troubling herself about the cause, began to wonder what she could get to make a decent dinner.

At this juncture a rap with a knuckle

was heard at the door, and the lassie came into the parlour to inquire if her mistress would buy a goose. This, which at any other time would have been a piece of superfluous formality on the part of the lassie, Mrs. Campbell considered a stroke of good fortune, and rose with Miss Mary to examine the proffered bargain. The animal, however, as Mrs. Campbell called it, was alive, which, her daughter remarked, rendered it of no use. " But," said her mother, " as the Ruarts are to be some time with us, we may want it another day, and ye ken a goose at this time o'the year's a feast for ony body" ---and with this she began to chaffer about the price with the woman who had it for sale.

Mrs. Campbell being no zoologist, did not discover that the goose was a gander, nor perhaps indeed would the circumstance of gender have been deemed of any consequence, provided it had been suitably considered in he

price. The woman assured her, that it was young and in good condition, having been, as she vernacularly expressed it, "one of her own clecking"---and handed it to Mrs. Campbell by the neck, that she might feel how heavy it was.

Mrs. Campbell was not satisfied with poising it in her hand by the neck, depreciating its weight, and expressing her suspicions that it was of "one of the male species," as she called it, but actually began to feel its condition on the ribs, in such a manner that the gander flapped his wings in great fury, burst from the hands of Mrs. Campbell, and flew upon her with far other passion than Jupiter's towards Leda. Miss Mary fled, the lassie laughed, the housemaid ran with the woman to assist her mistress, but the enraged gander continued the assault with such violence, that poor Mrs. Campbell, in attempting to escape, fell over a stool, and hurt her forehead against the door before she was extricated.

When order was restored in the kitchen the creature was purchased, and soon after justly put to death; but the injury which Mrs. Campbell had received on the forehead proved so serious, that she was rendered unable to go to market, for after bathing the bruise with vinegar, and plastering it with brown paper dipped in the same liquid, the swelling still continued, and the inflammation spread to such a degree, that it was evident Mrs. Campbell would be soon afflicted with a black eye.

"After such an accident Miss Mary was sure," as she said to her mother, "that Glenfell would not expect a particular dinner;" but the old lady, ambitious of appearing with proper dignity before the Ruarts, would not be persuaded, and insisted on her daughter making the necessary preparations. Accordingly, at the time appointed a new dinner was in process, and about an hour before it was ready the travellers made their appearance.

Miss Mary received them with all that meagre affability which is the peculiar characteristic of ladies destined to languish long in single blessedness, and made a circumspect apology for the absence of her mother, who was then busy superintending matters in the kitchen, by informing them that she had met with a slight accident that morning, by which she had received a contusion on the forehead; she expected however to be able to join them at dinner.

Scarcely had Miss Mary delivered this congratulatory address to the party on their arrival, when Mrs. Campbell came flaunting into the room, with a large patch of brown paper on her forehead, and saluted them with a more cordial welcome, desiring Mary to get them a glass of wine and a biscuit, for they must stand in need of something after their journey. " O Glenfell," she exclaimed, " if you had seen what befell me, you would have seen something

to speak about. A kintra wife and a goose came to our door---the devil was in the beast. I just took it by the neck in the ordinary way, to fin the weight o't, but although I had been thrappling the creature, it could na have been mare wud---for floch it flew, and knocked me down with its wings, and pursued me like a dragon. I can assure you Mrs. Ruart, I ne'er got sicken a fright in all my life---I had no notion either goose or feathered fowl were so venemous---I really thought it would have devoured me on the spot."

At this point of her discourse she paused suddenly, not because the guests were moved to the expression of other feelings, than those of compassion for her misfortune, and looking eagerly at Mrs. Ruart exclaimed, "Goodness me! Magdalane Macdonald, where have ye came from; how have been; och but ye're looking auld"---and she ran towards her, and took her warmly by both the hands.

In the midst of her speech Mrs. Campbell recognised in her stately guest an old school companion, of whom she had lost all trace and knowledge for many years; and Mrs. Ruart was equally pleased, though less obstreperous in the expression of her pleasure, to meet with in her hostess, an early friend whose negligence at school and boundless good humour, had been too remarkable ever to be forgotten. The satisfaction of this unexpected meeting was however soon damped by the loquacious inquiries of Mrs. Campbell, who, in spite of the grave looks of Glenfell, and indeed several pretty plain hints, continued to search all the pains of Mrs. Ruart's memory with the most indefatigable curiosity. "Tut!" she exclaimed, "I am not a blind horse, so none of your winks and nods to me Glenfell. Is not this my own Magdalane Macdonald that I kent before ye were in the shell, and who took my part against the other randies at Mrs. Spin-

net's school. Ah, Magdalane! we'll never see yon days again---ye'll never have the hide nor the hue you had then, nor I the light heart----your dochter there's a bonny lassie, but she's a primrose compared to the lily that was her mother---many jawp have I, since that time, been obliged to juke to, Mrs. Ruart. Ardmore was an aged man when, sore against my will, I was obliged to marry him---and his son by his first wife, for I was his fourth, inherited the property. But I was ay sure you would turn out a grand lady, for I heard of your going to London town; and sometimes I thought when Mary was reading to me the account of the birth-day dresses, which is a wonderful entertainment to people like me, that are far from the great world, ---what can have become of bonny Magdalane Macdonald! But no doubt you have had your share of afflictions---its the lot of all flesh, and neither birth,

parentage, nor education, can protect us from the king of terrors."

There were several little flakes of pathos in this rambling discourse, that sunk into the heart and melted into sorrow. Mrs. Ruart was much affected, but Glenfell and Flora could with difficulty repress their mirth.

"Yes, my friend," replied Mrs. Ruart, "I have had also my share of troubles in the world, but I have also so largely participated in the best things that fall to the lot of human nature, that it would be unjust of me to complain."

Mrs. Ruart alluded to the happiness she had enjoyed with her husband, and the pleasure which she derived from the conduct and disposition of her children; but Mrs. Campbell, who was ignorant of her history, attributed the observation to a lucky share of more tangible good things.

"But man is born to trouble," resumed Mrs. Campbell in her moralizing

strain, "like the thorns that crackle under a pot, and the sparks fly upward. Howsomever, I should not repine that it has pleased HIM in whose hands we are but as a drop in the bucket, and the dust in the balance, that he has cast me out upon the hearth-stone a cold cinder, while others have mounted up in a bright flame, licking the lips of the weel filled pat."

The gravity of Mrs. Ruart was moved by this flight; she took Mrs. Campbell kindly by the hand, and said, smiling, "I never expected to find you such a moralist."

The pleasures of memory in Mrs. Campbell were now, however, verging to pains, a tear shot into her eye, and she applied her handkerchief as she replied---"We little know for what we are ordained---for when I was a thoughtless lassie, singing like the lavrock, and skipping from flower to flower like a butterfly in the spring---grief and care lay as lightly on my heart, and fell

as easily off as the dew-blab in a cabbage leaf. But now I have a continual warsle with anxiety, and I doubt it will soon get the better of me; and when I am gone, who will look after my Mary---for I fear, poor maiden, that she's sitting her time. Heh, Magdalane, weel I canna but look at your dochter---we are now baith auld folks---one foot in the grave, and the other fast following---she's really a comely creature---and she's no unlike what ye were once---what have you done with your eene Glenfell? I'm sure ye may look long with bent brows before ye'll see such another."

Flora blushed, and the old lady suspecting the cause, said, with her wonted garrulity, "So, so, Miss, but ha'd him while ye can, for he's just a ramplor deevil; for my part, he has long been off at the nail with me---I have given him up---and when he's in his diplomaticks; he has no respect for man or beast, but would threap that the crow's white. But, like David King of Israel, with all

his faults, he'll no make an ill gudeman ---howsomever, he'll need cooking, for a goose ye ken's but a boss bird, and little worth without seasoning."

Such was the reception which Mrs. Ruart and the lovers received from Mrs. Campbell, to whose hospitable attentions we shall now for a time leave them while we pay our respects to Lady Glenfoik.

CHAP. XXXIV.

"Such was the fate of vain loquacity."

ARDSKEEN having arrived from Glasgow, all doubt of his fidelity was put to rest, as well as of the marriage taking place at the time previously agreed on between his betrothed and her aunt, in so much that Lady Glenfoik was of opinion Miss Peggy's Shapings shonld be enjoined to proceed with all possible despatch in the preparation of the wedding garments. With the intention of giving orders to this effect herself, as well to leave the lovers an opportunity of meeting by themselves, she had walked out alone to call on that fashionable and ingenious artificer, and while she was in conversation with her on the subject, a message was received

from Mrs. Campbell, requesting Miss Peggy to come to her as soon as possible, and to bring with her patterns of some of the newest and most fashionable dresses in her possession. The circumstance of the notable Mrs. Campbell not calling herself, which the consequences of the assault that she had suffered from the gander prevented, was in itself remarkable; but the generality of the order, and the unlimited elegance of the articles, were things that exceedingly surprised Miss Peggy, and were not heard by Lady Glenfoik without a slight return of her former feelings and apprehensions. However she deported herself on the occasion with considerable equanimity, and going soon after away, she told Miss Peggy that she would not, for the present, detain her any longer, but begged she would come and consult the bride herself after she had been at Mrs. Campbell's. This was a diplomatic stroke to obtain some account of the mystery in which "that woman and her

daughter," as her ladyship expressed it, had been of late involved.

On returning home she found Ardskeen had only made a hasty visit, and that he was engaged to dine at Mrs. Campbell's, in order to meet Glenfell. This was still more wonderful than Mrs. Campbell's message; without speaking her ladyship sat down in her arm-chair, and looked at her niece, who, observing the effect of the news, could with difficulty preserve her gravity.

Ardskeen, on leaving her ladyship's, had walked directly to the hotel in St. Andrew's-square, where it had previously been arranged Mr. Grant should take up his abode, some circumstances, which the old gentleman did not explain, having prevented him from leaving Glasgow so early in the morning as the other travellers. He had, in fact, found it necessary to wait until the banks were opened, having formed a design, both with respect to his niece and Flora, which could not be very well performed

without the assistance of his banker. On reaching the hotel Ardskeen found him just alighting with Isaac from a post-chaise, and after a very hearty greeting told him of the ludicrous mistake which had given rise to the circumstances that had placed his happiness and that of Mary in so much jeopardy. Mr. Grant was highly amused at the incident, and formed an opinion of Lady Glenfoik's understanding not quite so exalted as that which the good lady entertained of it herself. Although his sister had been married to her brother, he was quite unknown to her ladyship, and his stately figure, and white flowing venerable locks were not calculated to apprise a stranger of the latent waggery of his disposition. To Lady Glenfoik, when he was introduced by Ardskeen, he seemed indeed a personage to whom it would be requisite to behave with more than usual ceremony, and at the very moment that she was addressing him with the courtliness of the old

school of manners, he resolved to divert himself at her expense. She had not entirely recovered from the shock which the intelligence of Ardskeen's engagement to dine with Glenfell at Mrs. Campbell's had given her, when he was announced; and no sooner had Ardskeen again retired, (having some instructions to give respecting the marriage settlements to Mr. M'Queery, his lawyer), than he began to put his prank in practice. He rallied his niece respecting what had happened, delighted with her pleasing and unaffected appearance, though a little disappointed that her beauty was not so splendid as that of Flora Ruart, and by a look prepared her to expect the scene that he was then meditating.

"But all's well that end's well," said he, "and I hope, my dear, you will enjoy every happiness with Ardskeen; but if matters had not gone quite so far between you, and my advice could have been of any avail, I do not think that

some things which are to take place, would, in that case, have ensued.

"Very just, sir," interposed Lady Glenfoik, "I have had many misgivings of the mind on the subject."

"Your ladyship's experience and discernment," answered Mr. Grant, "ought to have had their due weight. I trust, however, that Ardskeen will prove himself a man of honour, but I could have wished that it was less the custom than it is, for young men, now a-days, to have two strings to their bow."

This touched the most sensitive cord at that moment in her ladyship's bosom, and she said "I certainly should have more confidence at present, if I were satisfied of the cause which has led to this wonderful intimacy between Ardskeen and Mrs.Campbell's Clanjamphrey. There is among them a puppy of a creature, young Glenfell, that nobody who has any respect for good manners, would deign to speak to. For my part there has been enmity between our

blood and his from time immemorial, and it shall never be quenched by me. I wish, indeed, after all, that this reconciliation between Ardskeen and Mary be not some vile device of that wretch to make us the laughing-stock of the town; for, would you believe it, sir, Mrs. Campbell, who never would nor could buy a dress from any fashionable house in her life, has, this very day, in my own hearing, sent for the most elegant dress-maker in all Edinburgh, to consult her about making some of the finest that can be made."

The old gentleman was not at a loss to understand for whom these dresses were probably intended, but he encouraged her ladyship to proceed.

"Now, sir, before such a narrow, stinted, save-all, as Mrs. Campbell would run the risk of ordering such things from Miss Peggy Shapings, she must be well assured how they were to be paid."

"Oh, I see clearly how it is," ex-

claimed Mr. Grant, affecting a tone of great indignation, "I see clearly how it is, Ardskeen is to be married to Mary Campbell.—Glenfell is to pay for that bridal paraphernalia---your ladyship is most completely hoodwinked, and in as fair a way of becoming a laughing stock as any poor soul ever was in this world. But, Mary, I will put an end to this mystery without delay; you shall go instantly with me to this Mrs. Campbell's; I will take you in my hand, and if we are not thoroughly satisfied, as to all these proceedings, before we return, the blood of my fathers has been changed in my veins."

Mary had been partly informed by Ardskeen respecting the Ruarts, and perceived that her uncle only intended to introduce her to them; but a little spice of malicious playfulness to be revenged on her aunt for the anxiety she had made her suffer, induced her to fall in with his humour, and she equipped herself to go with him as expeditiously

as possible, leaving the old lady not a little surprised at the extraordinary spirit and alacrity which she displayed on the occasion.

It is unnecessary to describe the interview, between Mr. Grant and his niece, with Mrs. Ruart and her daughter; suffice it to say, that upon the pressing entreaties of Mrs. Campbell, they agreed to stop and dine with her party, and that Mr. Grant consented to do so, on condition that he was permitted to send for lady Glenfoik. Mrs. Campbell, however, told him that she was sure her ladyship would not come to meet Glenfell, whom she hated as the worthy lady said, "more than a yeard toad." Mr. Grant, however, was prepared with an invitation which he knew her ladyship would be unable to resist, and he accordingly wrote the following note, and despatched it by the lassie, ordering her to fly with the utmost speed.—"My dear madam, if you have any respect for your own comfort

as connected with the happiness of your niece, you will come to us instantly! Yours, A. Grant."

The breathless haste of the messenger, and the urgency of the note, alarmed her ladyship to such a degree that she scarcely took time to fit herself for the street. Attended by her footman she hurried up the steep to Georges' Street, and ascended Mrs. Campbell's stairs with a beating heart. An awful peal on the bright brazen knocker announced her at the door, and Mrs. Campbell herself, with open arms, and a large patch of brown paper on her forehead, received her. "O, my Leddy. who could have expected this;" was the salutation, "such haste, for an auld woman like your ladyship; but I'm no in a condition to receive you as I ought, for look what a figure I am!---such a calamity has happened to my face."

"Where is Mr. Grant and my unfortunate niece," was the only reply of her ladyship, and she brushed past by Mrs.

Campbell into the drawing-room where the party were assembled.---Mr. Grant shortly explained the whole business, and Glenfell coming forward and addressing her ladyship with most particular respectfulnesss he was soon restored to so much good humour, that she not only forgave the trick that the old gentleman had played, but even condescended to include Glenfell in an invitation which she gave to the whole company to dine with her next day.

Every thing now was in the most harmonious state, when Ardskeen was announced as Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. Campbell, and her daughter looked, expecting Bencloo; but the moment he made his appearance they exchanged a despondent glance, and the mother heaving a profound sigh, said apart to Glenfell, "O ye Sorrow, what for did ye no tell me, that there were two Mr. Macdonalds." Bencloo himself also soon after came in, having been sent for by Glenfell, and all anxieties and mysteries

being thus happily removed and expounded, in due time the whole company sat down to a dinner, which although not equal in variety to the great banquet, did much credit to Mrs. Campbell's good housewifery in the opinion of those who were not in the secret. The fact however was, that on the suggestion of Glenfell, she had been liberally supplied from one of the neighbouring hotels, and the whole went off entirely to her satisfaction.

We have now only to add, that Mr. Grant settled a fortune on Flora similar to what he gave his niece, and that on the same night that Miss Peggy Shapings carried the bridal dresses to be inspected by Miss Mally M'Gab before sending them home, Mrs. Pickenween called on that amiable invalid at the very time that Dr. Macleish was administering the news of the day, and informed her that Mr. Ruart had received a lucrative appointment in one of the colonies. In the meanwhile it had been

agreed, that the two weddings should take place on the same day. Ardskeen and his bride, after the ceremony, accompanied by Mr. Grant, went to his seat in the Highlands; but there are a few particulars, respecting the excursion of our hero and Flora, necessary to the conclusion of our eventful history, and which we must reserve for the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

"Now my charms are all o'erthrown."

It had been previously determined, that Glenfell and his bride should spend the honeymoon amidst the romantic scenery of the English lakes, and afterwards proceed on a tour through England.

The only part of this arrangement to which Mrs. Campbell decidedly objected was the visit to the Lakes, for she was quite sure that Loch Lomond was as big as any three of them, and was moreover much finer than the whole put together, being adorned with no less than four and twenty islands, and therefore she thought, that in these hard times Glenfell might spend his money to more profit among his own countryfolk than with the English. "I am

creditably informed," said this patriotic lady, "that it is not to be told what the extortions of an English inn are; and as for furnished lodgings in London, the Gude keep us from them---they would herry an honest man out of house and hall, and a lord's living would na play pue to the wastrie of the servants." But all her objections were obviated, when Flora invited Miss Mary to accompany them. On the day of bliss, the conjugal knot was tied by the Rev. Mr. Belwhidder, Mr. Campbell's partner in the review, and immediately after a handsome new equipage from the hands of Chricton drove up to the door. Flora, shed a few natural tears on the bosom of her mother, and giving her hand to Glenfell, was conducted by him down stairs, followed by Ruart, leading Miss Mary. When they were seated in the carriage, and on the point of setting off, a loud alarming cry of "Stop! stop!" was heard from above, and on looking up Mrs. Campbell was

seen at a window. She instantly disappeared, and in a few seconds was at the door with a small basket in her hand that had been fotgotten. She held it up herself to Miss Mary, who looked out of the window of the carriage to receive it. The day being windy, as it very often is at Edinburgh, the rude blast took hold of her bonnet and pulled it off, wig and all, and carried it down the street, amidst the shouts of an assembled throng of children and neighbouring servants---leaving the unhappy bridemaid's head like a Turk's shaven scalp without the turban. The fugitive cap and wig were however soon recovered----but somewhat damaged by the mud in their excursion. Glenfell would have alighted till matters so important were adjusted, and put in order, but Mrs. Campbell would permit no such thing----" It would," she said, " be an ill omen were they then to turn back; and as for what Mary's wig and bonnet had suffered,

"*dirt bodes luck*," and ye could na have wished for a better mischance at your outset." In saying these words the carriage drove off, and Mrs. Campbell, full of the most cordial feelings, notwithstanding the accident, returned to comfort Mrs. Ruart, who, though rejoicing that her child was so happily raised to a sphere of fortune, which she was well qualified to adorn, could not but indulge in those maternal regrets, which a mother's heart can alone properly appreciate.

Our story, however, would be still incomplete, did we not relate that the good augury, which Mrs. Campbell drew from the misfortune of her daughter's wig and bonnet, was followed by a series of fortunate incidents. During the sojourning of the wedding party at Cheltenham, they became acquainted with one of those bilious malcontents that are annually imported with the liver complaint and a heavy purse from India; and Miss Mary paid him

so much attention, that in the course of a week he made her a suitable declaration of the tender passion, with an offer of his hand and fortune. Glenfell, that so good a match might not slip through her fingers, urged a speedy celebration of the marriage, so that before Miss Mary had time to receive an answer from her mother, to sanction her acceptance of the proposal, Colonel Rupee himself had the satisfaction to communicate, to his dear mother-in-law, the pleasing intelligence, that he had been made happy by the fair hand of her daughter Mary. Miss Mary, by the same post, likewise informed her mother that she was that day setting out, in her own carriage, for Malvern Wells, where the Colonel intended to spend some time for the benefit of the waters. At the end of the letter was a postcript, in which she requested Mrs. Campbell to look out for a cheap elegant house in Queen-street, as it was the intention of

her dear Colonel to pass the ensuing winter at Edinburgh, where, in due time, they arrived, to the infinite delight and satisfaction of their mother. We lament however to add, that the parties which Mrs. Rupee occasionally gives, do not entirely meet the wishes of Mrs. Campbell. The old lady acknowledges, that they are indeed vastly genteel, but she thinks they would be no less satisfactory were the guests less numerous, and the viands more abundant.

FINIS.

BENJAMIN BENSLEY
Nelson Square